

# The Aurora.

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## THE TALKING SISTER.

Every church has blemishes as well as beauties. The meek shine quietly beside the ostentatious and the self-sufficient; they who seek not their own, mingle with the selfish and the grasping; and the rash, who would smite off the right ear of the enemy, sit at the same table with the merciful and the tender, who lean on Jesus' breast and breathe his spirit.

Among the great company of those, who, although striving after, have not yet attained to perfection, are "the talking sisters." Each church has at least one of these, who mingle with their sacrifices and their prayers those infirmities of the tongue which Paul censures so severely in the sex. These may go from house to house, warning, reproving and consoling; and yet their very manner of doing this stamps it with the opprobrious term, "gadding about." Their hearts may be interested in divine things, and their tongues employed in extolling them; and yet the continual clatter of words may so

weary the ear, and disgust the mind, as to turn the listener away from the things that belong to his peace. While it is sinful to be silent on this all important subject, it cannot be wise to be ever thrusting it forward—at all times, and in all places.

Polly Chatterton was truly a good woman, and if outward activity is any criterion, she stood at the head of affairs in the Sunnydale church. We fear, however, that she did not ask first for *wisdom*—and that her zeal outstripped her prudence. She was one of "the talking sisters," and as such, she was the terror of the diffident, and the by-word of the scoffer. Saint and sinner, friend and foe, all shared in her efforts. Even her spiritual guide was made sometimes to feel the rod of a ruling elder over his shoulders, when he had chosen to keep his own counsel, rather than give an account of his spiritual exercises and his pastoral labors. She would hail the sensitive young man thus, in the presence of the scatter-



ing congregation at the church-door: "Well, what is the state of your mind to-day? You've been warning *us*, as one who has to give an account. It must be somebody's duty to have a care for your soul. If we are in danger of worldliness and lethargy, you are of spiritual pride." The minister was silent; but sister Chatterton was not to be baffled. She drew her glasses from her pocket, and placing them on their post of duty, glanced piercingly at him.

"Come, brother," she said, "let us hear what exercises you have had this week. Do you *feel as if* we were going to have a revival?"

"I cannot judge by my *feelings*, sister," replied the pastor; "they fluctuate with the state of this worn body. We must pray God for his blessing."

"Why!" exclaimed the worthy sister, "don't you believe in feelings and impressions? I do. Before the last revival, I saw a light all round the meeting-house one dark night! Last night I dreamed about young lambs; that's a sure sign of a revival, and you just watch and see." Here she caught a glimpse of Captain Harding, just returned from sea.

"What! this isn't you, Captain, back again? Well, it is more than I ever expected; for I had an impression that you were given over to hardness of the heart, and that this was your last voyage."

The weather-beaten sailor threw back his head, and his broad chest sent forth peals of laughter which reverberated with jarring notes through the aisles of the sanctuary.

"No, no, Mrs. Chatterton," he

exclaimed; "I'm not given over *yet*. I'm still good for ten foreign voyages; although I shall be threescore years to-morrow. So your good impressions of me have failed this time. I thought sailors the most superstitious people living; but I really believe *you Christians* beat them."

"Well, but, Captain, I want to know"—

"You just come up to my house and take a cup of tea, and then I'll listen quietly to all you have to say; but really, I don't like to tell all my thoughts before so many people."

With a wounded spirit, sister Chatterton turned and darted upon new prey.

"Why, John!" she exclaimed, thrusting herself into a group which had gathered round a young bridal party; "how glad I am to see you here where *the truth* is preached! I wish you joy; but you must not be like the man in the parable who said, I have married a wife and cannot come. You must come to the gospel feast, and bring your wife with you."

The young man's face colored deeply, and he muttered to a trifling youth beside him, "I don't want to go to that feast, if she's to be forever at the table; neither shall I take a pew here, if I am to be assailed three times a day in this manner."

The Sewing Society convenes at Mrs. Chatterton's house; and she seats herself beside three merry girls, neither of whom have ever seen a cloud on their summer sky, nor yet felt how solemn a thing it is to live.

"Ah, girls," she exclaims, "there



will be no laughing in the grave!" Their cheeks flush, their mirth ceases, and they are confirmed in the thought that religion brings only gloom to the soul.

"I should like to read a pleasant sketch I have selected," remarks a lady.

Mrs. Chatterton looks daggers at the innocent book; and opening her Bible, says, "The story of Gethsemane is the pleasantest sketch for me; will you read that?"

This is received as a rebuke by the little company. Silence falls upon them, and Mrs. Chatterton, reads that solemn portion of God's Word with the air of one who has just vanquished "the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"Mr. Norton is dead," remarks one of the ladies.

"Dead!" cries Mrs. Chatterton, with as much surprise as if the departed had received a pledge of immortality. "Well," she continued, "I'm not astonished, for *I told him so!* I knew no man could run after the world as he did, without destroying both body and soul.

"He died a peaceful, happy death," remarked one of the ladies.

"Peaceful!" retorts our heroine. "There is no peace for the wicked! But dear me! There comes poor Ike Jones, selling fish again after his long sickness. I must give him a few tracts to distribute among the poor folks at the Shore." She hails him.

"Well, what will you have to-day, Mrs. Chatterton?" She looks at him solemnly. He is in haste, and

repeats the question—"What do you want, ma'am?"

"I want you to be a fisher of men!"

"O for goodness sake, ma'am don't hinder me now; I can't stop!"

"You'll have to stop when death comes," answered the good woman. "Will you give these tracts to the families at the Shore for me?"

"No, I won't," shouts the rude Ike; "for I'm sick and tired of bein' hol-lered after every time I go by on my business; I won't do any thing for you, and you shan't do anything for me!"

"I suppose," meekly replied the worthy woman, "that you will let me *pray* for you, won't you?"

"No, I won't," growled out Ike. "My wife prays for me. She's as good a woman as you are, and enough sight agreeabler! There's lots of your own folks that ain't converted no more than I be; and I don't wonder at it, if you hammer at them all the time as you do at other folks."

Ike gave his horn a furious blast, and then passed on, muttering, "I don't believe a body can be tormented into religion."

Mrs. Chatterton sighed and returned to her duties, saying, with a rueful face, "Blessed are ye when men revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my name's sake." She told of her rough reception, saying, "If Christian women would all *talk* to folks every time they see them, it wouldn't be such a wonderful thing when I do it! They won't even talk in meeting; some because they haven't faith to take up their cross, and others because they have an idea that



Paul forbids it. If the sisters would only *talk* more on religion, they would learn how blessed it is to be persecuted."

Is it not quite as blessed to be meek and quiet, praying for, and setting an example of holiness before those who oppose themselves and live regardless of God? While

Christian women should guard against that timidity and fear of the world which seals the lips on this momentous theme, they should also earnestly seek that wisdom and prudence which cometh from above—that they may win sinners to Christ, and by their own loveliness honor his name.

A. D.

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## HEART MUSIC.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

[ *Original.* ]

There's discord in this world of ours ;  
But soon 't would cease if every one  
Would let his soul's deep harmonies  
Sound ever forth in perfect tune.

What heavenly, full-toned melodies  
Announced the great Redeemer's birth,  
When loud pealed forth the angel choir,  
" Good will to men, and peace on earth !

This is the song our hearts must sing,  
If we with Christ would e'er be one ;  
Oh, come the day when such a note  
All men shall sound in unison !

Together then the morning stars  
Will sing ; sweet music of the spheres !  
The sons of God will shout for joy  
When fall such tones on mortal ears.

Oh, Discord ! cease thy jarring noise !  
And let me hear that song again,  
As once 'twas heard, when angel tones  
Sang, " Peace on earth, good will to men ! "

EARLY GROVE, Miss.



## THE SEWING GIRL.

[ *Original.* ]

I sit alone in this dark room,  
I sit and sew alone,  
And hear the beating of no heart  
Beside me but my own.  
Through all the long and lonely hours  
I sit and sew alone.  
I had a sister, day by day  
She sat beside me here ;  
She was the only friend I had,  
And oh ! she was so dear ;  
But she is dead ! and I am left  
To weep in vain for her.

'T was sad to see how hour by hour  
She sickened in my sight,  
And yet how wearily she sewed  
From morning until night,  
Until her cheek looked like the snow—  
It was so purely white.  
I knew that she was called to die,  
I knew that she must go ;  
And yet, how could I give her up ?  
I loved my darling so—  
How could I teach my heart to drink  
The cup of bitter woe.

And yet, it came, the time of death,  
When snow was on the ground ;  
While all day long the pearly flakes  
Fell sifting slowly down—  
The silent thing stole to her heart,  
And all its chords unbound ;  
Then all the dark and silent night,  
She lay upon the floor  
With nought to keep the cold air out,  
The cold air and the snow ;  
It broke my heart, alas ! alas !  
'T is dreadful to be poor.



I tried to warm her shivering frame,  
 I held her to my heart,  
 And closely to her faltering lips  
 My own I fondly prest,  
 And then I thought that it was well  
 For her to go to rest;  
 And so she died my darling one,  
 And none came soothing me—  
 They know not how the poor can love,  
 Alas! that it should be;  
 Days, weeks and months went slowly by,  
 And none came soothing me.

I sit and sew in this damp room,  
 I sit and sew alone—  
 Forever dreaming as I work,  
 Of love too early flown;  
 And then I smile, and say 'tis best—  
 God only took his own;  
 There are no weary days in heaven,  
 No evenings of unrest—  
 No want, no tears, no bleeding hearts,  
 By bitter grief opprest;  
 Oh, God! I thank thee, thou art good,  
 To give thy children rest.

MATILDA C. SMILEY.

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### HOPE FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.

Step into Moseley's, in Summer street, and you will see one indication of a good time coming for our daughters—ladies' boots, with soles of a thickness which it will cheer every *man's* heart to look at—and *fashionable* too—the very latest fashion! Now, is it not matter for rejoicing, and even for devout gratitude, that it is actually fashionable

for women to wear shoes which will keep their feet dry and warm?

Our countrywomen have long endured great and cruel hardships in this particular, compelled to wear so flimsy an article, as if all the shoemakers were in league with consumption and death; while their husbands and brothers have walked by their side in boots which protect



them from all harm. This hardship and cruel inequality of the sexes has been national, as the custom of pinching the feet of women has been peculiar to the Chinese. European women have been wearing all along the very same description of boots and shoes which is now first becoming fashionable with us, never dreaming of anything else as at all consistent with common sense. English duchesses have worn shoes from time immemorial, which our country misses would have considered very vulgar. And so English duchesses have retained their plumpness and bloom, and joyous health to fifty and sixty years of age, while our women have lost the last rose before thirty, and have gone in frightful numbers to an early grave.

This whole subject of the training of our girls must undergo a thorough revision. Many other things need looking after besides shoes. Our climate has, unquestionably something to do in transforming the round and ruddy Anglo-Saxon lass to the pale and slender miss of Boston and New York. But sadly defective education does a great deal more. The differences in the training of English and American girls begin in the nursery, dating from the first weeks of existence and extend over the entire period from infancy to ripe womanhood. As it is my desire to furnish something that may be useful rather than entertaining, I shall speak very plainly, and somewhat in detail.

One of the first maxims applied to the management of both girls and boys in England is, in the words of one of their old physicians, "Plenty

of flannel, plenty of milk, and plenty of sleep." I am quite sure that a great many of our young mothers do not understand the importance of every part of this maxim. It does not require a professional eye to discern that many an infant suffers from want of the flannel, although the inexperienced mother has no conception of it. The child looks warm, and is warm to the touch, but is irritable, restless, unable to sleep.—Were you never troubled through the night without knowing the reason, till you awoke in the morning and found that, though you had not had any sense of chilliness, yet you had wanted more covering to make you sleep quite soundly? Infants require a great deal of warmth, and cannot be healthy without it.

As to food, every mother in England understands that an infant must not be fed with all kinds of trash, gingerbread, cake, pie, &c. Nothing of the kind is permitted to be given to them. The shops of London—groceries, druggists, and pastry-cooks—abound in simple articles of diet, prepared especially for infants, as "biscuit powder," "baked flour," "tops and bottoms," "patent American corn flour," "arabica revelenta," &c., &c. "Plain, simple and nutritious," is the rule here.—Through the entire period of childhood, and even of youth, the diet of English girls is extremely simple. No tea and coffee, no hot bread; indeed, it is a very common rule in well ordered English families, that no bread must be cut, for old or young, till the second day from the baking, and very little of pastry or sweet-



meats of any kind. Plain bread and milk, and fresh beef and mutton, roasted or boiled or broiled—not baked or fried—with plenty of vegetables, make up the principal food for English children. Pork, veal, and salted meats, are allowed very sparingly, as all English mothers know that they are difficult to digest, and especially injurious to a child that has the slightest constitutional tendency to scrofula.

A well lighted nursery is considered indispensable, as it is well understood that a dark nursery will kill a scrofulous child. Their odious and abominable window-tax, modified and relieved of its worst feature within a few years, makes Englishmen anxious to get as much light as possible into their dwellings, whereas we cover our houses with windows to an absurd extent, and then, still more absurdly, and very injudiciously, beyond all question, shut out nearly all the light with blinds.

English children must have abundance of fresh out-door air, every day, if possible; and an important part of the duty of the nurse-maid is to take the children out several hours every fine day, including the infant. One of the most beautiful pictures in the London parks, and indeed everywhere all over England, is the innumerable nurse-maids, themselves radiant with health, with their still more innumerable children. Thus the English girl is early trained to a habit and love of walking which she never loses, and in this way secures round limbs, and expanded chest,

and ruddy countenance while still a child. It is hardly necessary to say that the shoes of English children have thick soles, and that their clothing throughout is very carefully adapted to the season and the weather.

I am afraid American mothers will laugh when I say that the mothers of England are very particular not to allow their children, before they are old enough to walk, to sit much on the carpet, as it is a posture unfavorable to erectness and fullness of figure. They are, therefore, taught with special pains to roll themselves on the carpet, and to lie on the stomach, all of which has a direct tendency to secure a perpendicular spinal column and broad full chest.

It is a beautiful feature of English families, that the children, instead of being pushed into a precocious maturity of dress, and manners, and habits, are *children* all along; their parents love to have it so—simple, free, joyous, playing, laughing, and romping all they can. It is not the least of the advantages of this, that when womanhood comes, as come it will in spite of everything, it sets easily and gracefully upon them.

English children do not go to fashionable parties, or keep late hours. It is a special study to provide for them abundance of healthy sports, and above all, to make home radiant with cheerfulness through the day; and when the night comes, the young misses, instead of staying up and being called *ladies*, are called *girls* and sent to bed.—[*Happy Home*.



## TO A BIRD IN WINTER.

BY ESTELLE, (OF VIRGINIA.)

[ *Original.* ]

Thou art tapping at my casement,  
And I fain would let thee in—  
To nestle in my bosom,  
And rest thy weary wing.

For the winds are shrill and piercing,  
And the tears which night has shed  
Are changed to glitt'ring crystals  
Upon their grassy bed.

Then haste thee, pretty warbler,  
To more genial climes away,  
'Neath the sunlight, 'mid the flowers,  
Wake again thy joyous lay.

And I'll listen to thy message,  
Though it falls not on the ear;  
It whispers to my inner life,  
Its cadence soft and clear.

It tells of man, a wanderer,  
Whose sunny days are fled,  
It whispers of our *cherished* ones  
Now numbered with the dead.

And oh! it tells of another land,  
Of a land of love and light,  
Where the storm-cloud never lowers,  
Nor the frosts of winter blight.

Eye hath not seen its brightness,  
Nor ear its music heard—  
Nor can the heart of man conceive  
Such joys as there are stored.

Then like thee, sweet bird, I'll hasten  
To those blissful climes away,  
And sing my glad hosannas  
For realms of endless day.

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 LINES UPON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY MRS. MARIA ARMSTRONG.

[ *Original.* ]

Lovely girl! she was young and fair,  
Her hopes were bright, her prospects clear;  
And friend and lover around her smiled,  
Each joyful hope their fears beguiled.

Alas! the fell destroyer came;  
All hopes and fears were now in vain:



Ah! that chilling withering hand  
Has fixed his everlasting brand.

Her friends are left and she has gone—  
Gone whither? to a heavenly home;  
Yes, gone where saints and angels dwell;  
Gone to triumph o'er death and hell.

Then wherefore weep, O! why complain?  
We only part to meet again.  
Ah! mother check that falling tear,  
No longer weep, no longer fear.

She's happier far than we can be  
In brightest hours of revelry;  
Her joys are ever pure and free,  
And lasting as eternity.

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### CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE.

BY PORTIA IRA.

[ *Original.* ]

The third day after the return of Jesus to Gallilee there was a marriage at Cana, a small town in the neighborhood, and he and his disciples were invited to attend. His mother was already there, perhaps to assist in preparing for the festival occasion; and may have been nearly related to one of the parties, from the active part that seems to have engaged her attention.

In order to honor God's institution, and observe the social promptings of his nature, Jesus was pleased to accept the friendly invitation, and thus partake of the luxuries prepared, and

enjoy the festive circle with his disciples.

Fancy sketches the bridal eve in all the beauty and sublimity those vesper hours can portray; with a clear sky and low sun reflecting his scattered rays high above the horizon, throwing their happy influences around the merry party, and enhancing the emotions of anticipated pleasure, by the affinity which external scenes and circumstances bear to the internal feelings. The young bride, whose heart was buoyant with hope's "rosy dream"—her expectations fluttering with a flight pendant



and fruitful of joys in store, to be realized in that new sphere to which she was verging in the full confidence of an unsullied and trusting heart. While around the brow of each of the chosen guests, a wreath of pleasure was beautifully entwined, and the radiance of their varied hues, like the sun-tints on the fleecy clouds that bear marks of the exhaustless effulgence from whence they have birth, reflected the pure and lofty thoughts that filled the soul, and rebounded one from the other in masses of pearly innocence; thus gilding the scene with those refined virtues and petted graces, which emanate from the fathomless fountain of holiness. The lovely bride arrayed in the simple, yet beautiful garb, that corresponded so perfectly with the snowy neck, that vied with its whiteness, was a fit emblem of the piety that vibrated unobstructed through her kind and good heart. Her fond anticipations were yet propelled by a profusion of rare gems, bearing a glory worthy to be coveted by inspired divines. Her nuptial was honored by the presence of one who in early childhood had astonished the learned and wise with his surpassing wisdom, and who now bore marks so strikingly sublime that many were already convinced he was the promised Messiah—the great king of all the earth. This unpretending festival was crowned with that glory which the first miracle of Jesus diffused throughout all succeeding ages. When Mary, the honored mother of the son of God, found the wine had given out she sought Jesus, and said to him, “They have no wine.” It seems she was aware of the power

and volition that belonged to her son—had confidence that he could and would procure the necessities requisite for the feast. And is it strange that she should look to the period of his ministry as one of miraculous events, when we consider the circumstance of his birth? He replied to her in terms that might at first appear uncivil to be used to a mother to whom all courtesy and reverence are due, but when we remember the manners and customs of the ancients, we find it was in a gentle and affectionate tone that he replied, “Woman what have I to do with thee? my hour is not yet come.” In this form the servants of that period used to accost the greatest princesses—those to whom they desired to pay the most homage, and regarded with the utmost reverence. We would naturally infer from what followed that Jesus apprehended that his mother expected him to produce wine in a miraculous manner. Although his language conveyed a carelessness, which properly considered would have been too uncertain to rely upon in a case of emergency, when the reputation of the festival depended so much upon the wine; she betrayed no want of assurance that it would not be speedily procured. She said unto the servants, “Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.” “There were six water-pots of stone,” used by the jews in their houses to keep water always ready for the ceremonial washings prescribed by the law, as well as for the observance of the purification by the traditions of the elders. These vessels Jesus ordered the servants, “To fill with water.”



"And they filled them to the brim." No sooner had they done this, than he told them to draw out some and carry to the ruler of the feast.

The ruler, or governor was one chosen to maintain order, and to see that all were provided for, and that things in general were conducted in a proper and christian-like manner. Perhaps a Levite or priest was chosen for that office. It is evident the ruler knew not how the new supply of wine was procured. When he had tasted it, he pronounced it much better than that which they had been drinking, and called the bridegroom and said, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine till now."

This miracle, turning water to wine, was the first performed by Jesus, and "manifested forth his glory." What a beautiful experiment was this, the Son's first effort in miracles, in which he so perfectly manifested his inherent power and eternal glory!

The festive group in the full possession of the enjoyments of those social faculties, so beautifully affiniated by the Creator, and which if exercised in accordance with their proper functions, and each act under the influence of the other, amass such an abundance of pure, unpolluted pleasure. In all the pride that could fill a fond mother's yearning heart, did Mary the blessed mother of the Messiah, participate in those enjoyments. And in unwavering faith call on her beloved son, the joy and hope of her most sanguine expectations, to succor

the wants of her friends—to pour out new supplies of blessings to them, and thus fill with nectar the cup of pleasure which was set apart for that joyful event.

Wherever Jesus is recognized and welcomed in your midst, those enjoyments which although seeming absolute at the commencement, continue to increase, and be more and more sensibly realized, and partaken in greater, and more perceptible abundance; and each period but enhances the capacities, and enables you to enjoy but the more as long as life is protracted; and as you approach the portals of paradise, they are still enhanced till at length caught up by the out-spread pinions of waiting seraphims when the greatest is sipped in unrestrained supplies; and what was not pure before, will be turned into holy bliss. Then in echoes of praise and countless thanks the christian's simultaneous hallelujahs will bear the motto, 'Truly the good is reserved till now.'

But on the other hand, where Jesus and his disciples are not invited, but are unwelcome guests—whose presence would obstruct the enjoyments of the feast, they partake with epicurean appetites those pleasures the world so anxiously gives; and soon the senses grow insipid, and the pleasures of each advancing period become less and less inviting, till all power for enjoyment is destroyed, and the heart grows sick at its offerings—death seizes them—the great Ruler declares "he never knew them," was never admitted to their feast—to their festive circles—around their fire-sides; and in agony they lift up



their eyes where there is no light—  
no hope—no enjoyments.

In youth the world looks bright  
and beautiful; a landscape with varied  
and lovely hues is spread before  
the beholder; it invites him to come  
near and pluck spring's fragrant  
flowers—eat of its early fruits—  
drinks of the sweet nectar of its  
grapes, and revel in its plentiful offerings.  
This inviting scene recedes as  
the beholder in eagerness approaches  
—still he keeps his pace buoyant  
with hope's alluring presence, his eye  
riveted on the pleasing view, confident  
that but a few steps will enable  
him to reach those bounties that are  
so tempting, when, he promises patience,  
he will luxuriate in undimin-

ished plenty, of everything that is  
desirable to the propensities, and  
which will set him on the throne of  
contentment and happiness. But  
alas, alas! old age is stealthily creeping  
on, and will soon have overtaken  
the young rover, when he will  
throw his mantle of gloom before  
him—the landscape will have receded  
almost out of sight—death will begin  
to show his dim visage to view—  
lay his icy touch upon the heart, and  
ere the weary pilgrim's expiring  
breath departs, he feels the truth,  
that he has sought pleasure in vain  
objects, and

\* \* \* “as children birds pursue,  
Still out of reach, yet never out of view.”

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### BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,  
A gayly dressed wife by his side;  
In satin and laces she looked like the queen,  
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;  
The carriage and couple he eyed;  
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,  
“I wish I was rich and could ride.”

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,  
“One thing I would give if I could—  
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health  
Of the man who sawed the wood.”

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,  
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,



Went tripping along with a smile of delight,  
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw,  
Arrayed in apparel so fine,  
And said in a whisper, “I wish from my heart  
Those satins and laces were mine.”

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,  
So fair in her calico dress,  
And said, “I’d relinquish position and wealth,  
Her beauty and youth to possess.”

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,  
Our minds and our time we employ  
In longing and sighing for what we have not,  
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome with pleasure for which we have sighed,  
The heart has a void in it still,  
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,  
That nothing but heaven can fill.

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## W A N T E D !

“WANTED—A SILENT PARTNER.”—[*Advertisement.*

Now that’s cool, and explicit enough! But who wants her, and what is she wanted for? And it is totally indispensable that she must be *silent*? It must signify *comparatively* silent; some meek soul that, like the good children in story-books, will only “speak when she is spoken to”—for a totally silent partner is impracticable, short of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

But we’d like to get a glimpse of the advertiser. Is he a misanthropi-

cal, dried-up old bachelor, with a face like the papyrus in the Egyptian Museum, who is getting so tattered and rheumatic that a wife is imperatively necessary? Or a nice young man, of a quiet temperament, who don’t like a noise? Or a sour tempered widower, who has been talked into a frenzy by his first wife, and now is insanely desirous of plunging into the opposite extreme? Isn’t he on exhibition somewhere? Can’t he be seen before the



final decision of the "silent partner?"

What is she expected to do, besides being silent?—(and that's the hardest work a woman ever did!) Will she have the privilege of making his toast, boiling his coffee, and burning her pretty nose over the fire, lest the beefsteak should fizzle just one half-quarter of a second too long? May she read prosy Congressional debates to him of a winters evening, while he toasts his slippers before the fire, and indulges in short naps, with a red silk handkerchief over his head? Is she to darn his stockings, and hem his cravats, and stitch his shirt-collars until her poor little eyes are ready to drop out of her head for sheer weariness? Can she enjoy the pleasure of standing at the ironing-table, until her head is so dizzy that she can't tell the washtub from the windows, smoothing out his vests and dickeys, because Betty don't do 'em neat enough for his lordship, the Grand Mogul? And finally, is she to be growled at because there is an invisible wrinkle three sixteenths of an inch long on the extreme end of one of the strings?

Is she to be railed at for losing his gloves, when they are at the bottom of his great-coat pocket all the time? Is she to be sent high and low in search of his spectacles, when all the time they are perched on the bridge of his high and mighty nose? Is she to be scolded at when he is cross, and snapped at when he is pettish, and "worried" at when he is nervous, and joked at when he is disposed to be facetious—and continue a "silent partner" all the time?

Can't she have the privilege of "reading out loud" the funny anecdotes in the papers? Can't she clap her little hands when she reads the marriage of her bosom friend in the wedding column? Will her husband snarl like a polar bear when she begins to tell him that delicious bit of gossip she heard down on Broadway this morning? and if she reads the "fashionable news" of the newspaper over his shoulder, will that be a violation of her duties as silent partner?

How is she to do when she wants a new dress or a set of laces? when her bonnet is getting shabby and her velvet mantle is "a perfect fright?" Would it be best for her to wait meekly until he deigns to notice her necessities, or to go boldly down town, get what she fancies, and send in the bills courageously?

What will she do when the house-keeping money is all gone, and the potatoes and starch are out? Poor little thing! she can't climb on his knee, and coax him, and twist his mustache round her fingers, and bewitch him generally, until he'll be ready to give her anything, from a five-hundred dollar bill down to a ten-cent piece—*she's* only a silent partner. She can merely hint submissively at her desire for "a little money," and he will grumble about the expenses of living, and ask if she can't contrive to get along more economically?

And then, just as her blue eyes are brimming with tears almost ready to flow, he will fumble in his pocket and give her a dollar. *A dollar*, to buy the coffee and the soap, the chick-



ens for dinner, and beefsteaks for breakfast; to pay the servants, and get another ton of coal; to replace the china tea-pot he broke last week, storming round after his missing hat, and buy the linen for his new shirts; to settle with the grocer, and satisfy the clamorous ice-man? *A dollar!* Why didn't he give her a three-cent piece at once, while he was about it? She can't scold—she can't remonstrate—she's nothing but a miserable little silent partner!

We haven't any patience with the advertiser—not a bit! Why, what's a woman worth that can't talk? You poor lord of creation, who's to chatter and laugh and tell all the say-so of the neighborhood, when you come home tired and depressed, until you cheer up in spite of yourself? Who's to brighten your muddy brain with piquant little fancies and bird-like nonsense when you haven't an idea in the world to fall back upon? Who's

to coax you, and lead you triumphantly by the silken chain of her womanly eloquence, and renew your trust in human nature by glances into the pure depths of a soul as much holier than yours as the heavens are high above the earth? Who, indeed, if you insist on a silent partner?

But stop—let us read the rest of the advertisement. Why, bless us! it's nothing but a mercantile affair after all; the man wants some one to drive with him into the deep of a “flourishing wholesale business.” It isn't a wife that he's advertising for—and our eloquence is wasted!

Never mind—it's a comfort to have our faith in our fellow-creatures restored. We've some little respect for mankind yet. We might have known that no one in his sober senses ever advertised for a *silent female* partner!

MRS. G. W. WYLLYS.

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## THE STARS.

BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

[*Translated from the German.*]

Ever blinking, ever winking,  
Seem the stars of Heaven to me;  
As if they called us thither  
And said, oh, come up hither!  
Much would I like up there to be!

Stars of Heaven! every even,  
Upward how I love to gaze!  
While thus your light bestowing,  
More bright you're always growing!  
Oh, ever shed those peaceful rays!

We are learning, we are yearning  
Now to grow more good and wise;  
And when from earth we sever,  
Oh, may we shine forever,  
Like you in yonder quiet skies!

Music soundeth, joy aboundeth.  
In our Father's house on high;  
There God, his love revealing,  
Prepares his saints a dwelling,  
Where love and joy will never die.



Translated from the German for the Aurora.

## THE QUAKERS.

*A Play in One Act.*

BY P. T., UNION UNIVERSITY.

### CHARACTERS:

The English General, Howe,  
Lieutenant Howe, (his son,)  
His Adjutant,

Walter Mifflin,  
Edward Mifflin, } Quakers.  
Maria Milford.

The Play was acted in the time of the American war. The place of the scene is in Pennsylvania, not far from Philadelphia, at the English headquarters—a room of the General, with an adjoining prison.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.)

*Wal.* Tell me all.

*Elw.* The dwelling of my bride was being plundered and she herself badly treated.

*Wal.* Then didst thou seize arms?

*Elw.* I did.

*Wal.* Hast thou shed blood?

*Elw.* Through excitement I followed the fugitives too far.

*Gen.* Now, Walter Mifflin!

*Wal.* Poor sinner! Thou hast drawn the sword—thou hast slain a man. The Community will cast thee out—thou art no longer my son.

*Elw.* Wo to me!

*Wal.* Wo to thee!

*Gen.* How goes it with your courage now?

*Wal.* I am only a man. God chastiseth me.

*Gen.* Lo you sigh?

*Wal.* I sigh, but am still.

*Elw.* I ought no longer to call thee father, but the erring one is still thy brother.

*Wal.* That is true Edward.

*Elw.* Pardon thy brother.

*Wal.* Yes, I pardon thee.

*Elw.* I am going to die.

*Wal.* Reconcile thyself to God.

*Elw.* Reconcile me to the Community.

*Wal.* The Community will pray for thee.



*Edw.* Protect Mary.

*Wal.* I will; she still remains my daughter.

*Edw.* Thou knowest that I was a good man until the unlucky day when this thing happened.

*Wal.* Yes, Edward Mifflin, thou wast a good, pious man.

*Edw.* And an obedient son.

*Wal.* Yes, thou wast.

*Edw.* Remember me without shame.

*Wal.* I will remember thee with sorrow.

*Edw.* Only for a moment did the evil overcome me.

*Wal.* I condemn thee not.

*Edw.* Surely God will be to me as a kind Father.

*Wal.* Indeed He will.

*Edw.* And why not thou?

*Wal.* (*startled at this reproof opens his arms to him,*) My son!

*Edw.* (*in his arms*) Suffer me to call you father once more, then I can die willingly.

*Wal.* (*turning to the General,*) Seek pardon from this brother.

*Edw.* My brother, forgive me!

*Gen.* Never!

*Edw.* I beg not for my life, only do not curse me.

*Gen.* Yes; I curse the murderer of my son!

*Edw.* I bless thee although I must die.

*Gen.* (*to the Adjutant,*) Lead him away. In an hour he shall die.

*Edw.* Father, farewell!

*Wal.* (*lays his hand upon him and blesses him,*) Now my son go.

*Edw.* We shall see each other no more forever!

*Wal.* Yonder—soon!

*Edw.* Greet my mother and Mary. (*exit with the Adjutant.*)

*Wal.* (*still prays.*)

*Gen.* Now, Walter Mifflin, do you tremble?

*Wal.* God sends me strength.

*Gen.* Will you not beg one time for your son?

*Wal.* No.

*Gen.* Unfeeling wretch!

*Wal.* Oh, friend, thou seest not the blood in my heart; but I struggle and God sends me strength.

*Gen.* How many sons have you?

*Wal.* Only this one.

*Gen.* And do you utter no word in his behalf, seeing that he is about to die?

*Wal.* He merits it.

*Gen.* I have three sons, but this pious indifference is horrible in my sight.

*Wal.* I pity thee.

*Gen.* You exhibit a wonderful disposition. Henceforth we will be friends.

*Wal.* We are brethren.

*Gen.* We will weep together for the downfall of our children.

*Wal.* Friend Howe, the Community of Quakers has sent me to thee. I have made known to you their desire. Give me a good answer and let me return.



Gen. How can I return a favorable answer at this time? I am a father.

Wal. I also.

Gen. You must remain awhile in this prison. I will consider the matter.

Wal. (*going in*.) I have already considered it. God is very kind to me.

Gen. My flatterers call me a hero because I order twenty thousand bayonets to slaughter men in cold blood, but who is the hero here? My son has not fallen upon the bed of honor, still I must, I must consider him culpable, neither can I avoid entertaining a bloody grudge against this murderer. Indeed, this Quaker, this plain farmer who has lost his son through the misdeeds of mine, and who still blesses his enemy, he is the hero. What use is it for us to trouble ourselves about philosophy, when it comes to a trial of our faith?

*Enter Adjutant in great excitement.*

Adj. Sir General, your son—he still lives—wounded it is true, but not dangerously.

Gen. (*beside himself*.) For God's sake deceive me not!

Adj. How can I be mistaken? I have seen him.

Gen. Is he here?

Adj. As I was returning from the Provost leading the prisoner, I saw a vast crowd rolling along the road, in the midst of which there was a hale young man who with difficulty held himself upon his horse. I approach nearer and hear a shout of joy proceeding from a thousand voices: Welcome! Welcome! the son of our brave General! I made my way up to the horse and perceived that a young maiden led the animal by the bridle. She appeared very modest, and earnestly begged that they would make room for her. I assisted her out of the tumult. Your son perceived me and tears stood in his eyes. He is wounded in his right side, yet his life is not endangered. I helped him from his horse. He begged permission to see his father.

Gen. Oh! why does he not fly to my arms? Why does he not report? Still he has done right. His conscience reminds him that he has incurred the wrath of his father. He shall come. He will find me no tender-hearted fool.

Adj. Here he is already.

*Enter William Howe.*

Gen. (*opening his arms to him*.) Ah! William! Still living! (*remembers himself suddenly*.) Sir Adjutant, your servant. Where have you laid his sword?

William. My father!

Gen. Report Sir Adjutant.

Wil. I deserve your wrath, but am not able to bear it. (*he totters*.)

Adj. (*supporting him*.) Indulgence to the wounded.

Gen. William, do you totter? are you not very pale? Sit down—yes I am your father still. Obtain indulgence from me by sincerity. Conceal nothing.

Wil. We had fulfilled your orders having found no enemy. We were returning in the dark—hunger and thirst pinched the murmuring soldiers. Toward morning we came to a few scattered huts. My soldiers knocked at one for the purpose of demanding bread and wine. A young and beautiful maiden came out. Herself and an old aunt were the only occupants of the little house. She gave what she had and even more than she should have given, for the soldiers became intoxicated. They no longer regarded the good woman, but immediately began to plunder.



Gen. But you?

Wil. Ah! my father! Not wine, but the beauty of the maiden had intoxicated me. While the soldiers were bursting open the doors, I followed the weeping maiden into her room. She raised the window and cried out with the voice of grief, then fell begging upon her knees.

Gen. Inhuman wretch!

Wil. Her angel watched over her. A youth rushed in, unarmed, but with lion's strength he snatched the sword from my side. I seized my pistol, but some good Genius prevented me from firing it. A stroke in the side brought me to the earth, where I lay senseless and weltering in my blood.

Gen. And if you had never awaked, what a disgraceful death!

Wil. When I came to myself again, I was lying on a bed. My wounds were dressed and the same maiden sat near me, watching over me with tenderness.

Gen. William, what did you think?

Wil. A shamefulness came over me which forced the glowing tears from my eyes.

Gen. God be thanked!

Wil. I soon perceived that my wounds were not dangerous; but the good people who assembled about me would not suffer me to leave for several days. I would have remained willingly, but suddenly I saw that my benefactress, who at first laughed so cheerfully was becoming sad. I sought the cause, and learned that her betrothed, her protector, had been taken by my soldiers. Moreover, I knew the danger which threatened her. My father did not know why this young man had risen up against us; he knew how to make a rash order. The very thought caused me to shudder. I had no more rest. I resolved to go immediately into the camp. I, the only guilty one, determined to stand before my judge before an innocent person perished for my sake. The maiden's anxiety gave strength to my resolution. But I was not able to travel so long a journey on foot. Then she saddled a horse with her own hands, gave me a convenient seat and led it gently by the bridle. So I am now here by the assistance of this angel, ready to embrace my father's knee, and to beg for this brave young man whose misfortune recoils upon my guilty head.

Gen. Go now without your sword, and so soon as your wounds are well, take his place in prison.

Wil. I will cheerfully undergo any punishment in order to regain the affection of my father. (*exit.*)

Gen. Mr. Adjutant, I wish to see the maiden. (*exit Adjutant.*) When I see her I shall see my daughter; still she belongs to this wonderful Community. Let me see if this pious heroism dwells also in her breast.

*Enter Mary Milford, clad in an antique garb with a small white bonnet on.*

Gen. What is your name?

Mary. Mary Milford.

Gen. Have you any parents?

Mary. I am an orphan.

Gen. Under whose protection?

Mary. Under the protection of God and the Community.

Gen. Upon what do you subsist?

Mary. On a few acres of land.



Gen. Do you cultivate it yourself?

Mary. The neighbors assist me.

Gen. Perhaps they are your relations.

Mary. Not by blood, but by faith, they are all my brethren.

Gen. Do they assist such a sister cheerfully?

Mary. They do.

Gen. But beauty sometimes gains sympathy.

Mary. Why thinkest thou that?

Gen. (*laughing aside*,) Strange question! (*aloud*,) Do all your sisters clothe themselves in the same manner you do?

Mary. All.

Gen. Your clothes are not very convenient.

Mary. Oh yes, convenient, warm and useful.

Gen. But not enticing.

Mary. Why thinkest thou that?

Gen. I refer to beauty.

Mary. The useful alone is beautiful.

Gen. Is love known in your Community?

Mary. Yes, indeed; our Community is founded in love.

Gen. I mean that affection which the young men bear toward the young ladies.

Mary. Thou meanest marriage.

Gen. Yes, if you please.

Mary. That is well pleasing to God.

Gen. Does love confirm your marriages?

Mary. Love until death.

Gen. Are you betrothed?

Mary. I am the bride of Edward Mifflin.

Gen. Then I pity you, for he must die.

Mary. Oh no! Thou wilt not shed innocent blood.

Gen. Innocent! he is a rebel.

Mary. Indeed he is not.

Gen. He has wounded my son.

Mary. I have nursed thy son.

Gen. For that I thank you.

Mary. And Edward's mother.

Gen. What of her?

Mary. Thy soldiers had plundered my house. I could afford thy son no convenience, no refreshment, but my good neighbor, Edward's mother—

Gen. Did she help?

Mary. She brought what she had.

Gen. And did she know what had happened?

Mary. She knew it well.

Gen. Did she see in my son no enemy?

Mary. We have no enemies, we have only brethren.

Gen. (*aside*,) Shall woman shame me thus?

Mary. Give me back my betrothed.

Gen. The father may pardon, but the General must act according to justice.

Mary. God is a righteous judge.



Gen. He was taken with arms in his hand.

Mary. He had armed himself only for my protection.

Gen. Are you not under the protection of God?

Mary. Yes.

Gen. Why did he despair of your safety having such strong faith.

Mary. That was his error.

Gen. For this then he must suffer.

Mary. The Community will chastise him.

Gen. In one hour he shall be put to death.

Mary. Be merciful!

Gen. I cannot.

Mary. Oh that God would inspire me, that I might speak with his tongue!

Gen. Do you wish me to disregard conscience?

Mary. Would this favor be contrary to thy conscience?

Gen. Certainly.

Mary. Then I must be silent, for conscience is a sacred thing. May God bless thee.

Gen. Do you shed no tears?

Mary. I will beg for him.

Gen. Is thy love so cold?

Mary. Friend, I pray then sport not with me.

Gen. What will become of you?

Mary. I will not survive him.

Gen. Will you murder yourself?

Mary. Preserve me, my God, from such thoughts! No, I will pray for him, that he may be restored to his bride, in order that his voice may mingle with mine in the praises of God.

*Enter Edward and William.*

Gen. Come young man, I pardon you and here is your affectionate Mary.

William. My father they forgive me—I have separated the noble pair and through me let them be united again. Mary! thou benefactress of thine enemy! thou didst pardon me when I was not able to thank thee; receive it now and also thy betrothed from my hand.

Elw. Mary!

Mary. (*modestly extending her hand*) God protect thee Edward!

Elw. I have wronged thee.

Gen. He has endangered his life for you.

Mary. Not for me, Edward, but for God and the Community.

Elw. Repentance expiates the crime.

Mary. Yes, Edward.

Elw. Consider me not unworthy of thee.

Mary. I have forgiven thee.

Gen. What men! Our young men would be proud of such deeds and our maidens of such love. (*rushing into the prison*) Come Walter Mifflin!

*Enter Walter Mifflin.*

The storm is past, the sun shines; here stand our children.

Wal. Does thy son live?

Gen. He lives.



Wal. God be thanked ! the crime was slight.

Gen. This pious maiden, whom he offended, has saved him.

Wal. She has performed well her duty.

Gen. Your wife also nursed him.

Wal. She has obeyed the gospel.

Gen. I give your son his life.

Wal. Friend, thou doest right.

Gen. Say to your Community, that it shall not be disturbed.

Wal. Friend, that brings honor to thee.

Gen. Still this coldness in the midst of joy?

Wal. My heart rejoices, but in quietude.

Gen. Loud rejoicing is heart-felt.

Wal. We do not wish to disturb thee by rejoicing.

Gen. Go in peace.

Wal. Come my daughter.

Ehw. Father, may I follow?

Wal. No, Edward Mifflin, you shall remain in solitude until God and the Community pardon thee.

Ehw. Mary, beg for me.

Mary. With bloody tears.

Ehw. I will suffer it, but let me hope—

Wal. Hope my son. (*to the General,*) Friend, farewell.

Gen. Say to the Community, that I also beg for your son.

Wal. I will say it.

Gen. Will my words strengthen your begging?

Wal. No.

Gen. Faithful man, give me your hand.

Wal. Here, thou hast my hand.

Gen. Can you by this grasp inspire me with your faith?

Wal. Would God I could, my friend, for then thou wouldst stand firm both in prosperity and adversity. But it goes well with thee now, and should you ever come into the county of Kent, seek the house of Walter Mifflin.

Gen. May God guide you.

Wal. He will do that. Come Mary. (*exit with Mary.*)

Gen. Ah! what men! If I could subdue this whole region, would I be as happy as Walter Mifflin?



## CONTENTMENT IS HAPPINESS.

*Translated from the German for the Aurora.*

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

Oh yes, I am contented,  
Go things as they will,  
Dwelling in my cottage  
Peacefully and still!  
Many a fool has all things  
That his eyes behold;  
But, to be contented  
Better is than gold.  
Though no brilliant torches  
On my supper shine,  
Though no costly goblets  
Hold the sparkling wine,  
I have what is needful  
Suffer not from dread;  
Nothing can be sweeter  
Than my hard-earned bread.  
Though my name be never  
Heard in foreign land,  
Though no stars nor orders  
On my bosom stand,  
So my heart be noble,

What were all the rest?  
So my brother's welfare  
Fill my humble breast?

I want no proud palace,  
Want no stately hall;  
Brightly on my cottage  
Heaven's sunbeams fall.  
Where Content is dwelling  
Softly lies the head,  
Whether hard or downy  
Be the sleeper's bed.

Though no costly marble  
Will adorn my grave,  
Though above my coffin  
Will no banners wave,  
Sacred peace will hover  
O'er my humble pall.  
And upon my green grave  
Friendly tears will fall.

EARLY GROVE, Miss.

## TOM BOYS.

"Tom boys" is associated in our mind with Saleratus. Saleratus rises and helps to rise, so does a tom

boy, for she is so full of romping and of fun, that with her joyous nature and her unsuspecting abandon, she



fires up every young heart around her, and makes the saddened faces of the old beam with the subdued but sweet smiles of the memories of Auld Lang Syne, when they too were young.

The first time we ever saw that now household word, "Saleratus," was when we were just beginning to take lessons in "Corderii," the first Latin primer. There was the picture of an angel broke loose. It was a young girl, with her long hair floating back in the breeze, an uncontrollable joyousness in her face, and withal, a most unsuspecting don't-care look about her; she was not on earth or in heaven, but between the two, in mid-air like, as if she had taken a spring, which was to end in a somersault, landing her right side up; and under this picture, was in large letters, Sal Eratus. Our first impulse was to "translate that." "Sal;" we confidently believed, meant Sal, and "eratus," had something to do with erring, so we concluded that if Sal and erring were put together, it would make, in plain English "Erring Sal;" and that somebody's daughter, named Sal, would very probably, if she "cut up so," in the end, "put her foot in it," that is, "spoil the broth," or in other words, make a fool of herself, which means to take her pigs to a poor market, that is to say, would come out at the little end of the horn.

Will any spirit about us vouchsafe an ability to express our idea in more courtly phrase, and better adapted to the modern market? For we ran back a moment to old times; and its association, its "aura," as Prof. Hall would say, so enveloped us, that we were "possessed" of old words, phrases, comparisons, old everything: specially did it bring to our mind, of how we went a moonshiny night to a prayer-meeting in the country, with Dr. Clelland's daughter, and how, when an essay was made to help her over the fence, with the tip end of a gloved finger, she exclaimed, "Oh, get out," and laying one hand on the top rail, she cleared the panel at a bound! We felt mean for a whole year.

How sigh we for times to come again, when for a girl to laugh outright, to clear a fence, to reach the saddle at a bound, or row a river, or gallop alone to a neighbor's five miles and back, shall be considered nothing remarkable, its "symptom" being, an index to physical abilities. How would a regiment of the true "tom boys" of oldentimes, quartered in Gotham, work a revolution for the better, in mind and morals, in physical elevation and mental power, whose influences for good would be felt for generations!—*Dr. Hall.*



## LUCY CARROLL.

*A Tale of the West.*

BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

[Original.]

## CHAPTER I.

It was early in the morning; and the first faint beams of the rising sun began to illuminate the chamber where lay a dying man. There was no one near him but a little girl of about five years of age; she was his only child. He was dying away from home, and among strangers; but friendless he could not be called; for his gentle and unassuming manners, his high-toned bearing, and, above all, his christian resignation, had endeared him exceedingly to the people with whom he had for several months been associated. He had left his home in Carolina to spend the winter in Florida, hoping to be benefitted by that genial clime; bringing with him his little motherless daughter, the apple of his eye. But his days were numbered. He grew daily worse, and, on the morning of which we speak, he felt that his last hour had come.

There was a slight tap at the door. "Come in," said the invalid, in a feeble voice; and a middle aged lady entered, and approached the bed. She started when she cast her eyes upon the sick man's face, where death had plainly set his seal. And indeed, the contrast between his countenance and that of the beautiful, rosy, sleep-

ing child which lay upon the pillow beside him, was startling in the extreme. The oblique rays of the sun were playing on both their faces, showing plainly the plump and dimpled face, and golden ringlets of the child, and the pale thin face, and coal black hair and beard of the dying father.

"I am glad you have come," said the invalid, whose name was Carroll; "I want, if possible, to see a clergyman; how far does Mr. Perkins live from here?"

"Twenty miles," answered the lady, "and the waters are up between here and there; I doubt if the road could be passed till they fall."

The sick man slowly shook his head. "And even if the road was passable," said he, "there would be no use in sending."

"Why not?"

"Because I should not live till he could get here."

"Do you feel so much worse, Mr. Carroll?" inquired the lady, in a tone of the deepest sympathy.

"My dear Madam, I have been growing weaker all night," he replied; "and I know that my hour has come."

"Did you feel worse at bed time last night? Why did you not let



some of us set up with you? Suppose you had di——had—had wanted anything?"

"If I had died, my friend," said he, "I should not have died alone;" and his countenance fairly beamed with the smile of hope and joy which sat on every feature. "But," he continued, "I would not have liked my little Lucy to have awaked in the morning to find me lying dead beside her. It would have alarmed her, and I do not wish her to have horrible and gloomy thoughts in connection with my death. I said I would not have died alone; do you remember who once said, 'yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for THOU art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me?' My dear Madam, David was right; God will not forsake his children in their dire extremity."

The reader must not suppose that the dying man said all these words in the connected manner in which I have written them. Far from it. He often stopped, and gasped for breath; and when, at the close of his long sentence, he saw his listener's eyes fill with tears, while she sank down in a chair beside the bed, and covered her face with her hands he inwardly thanked God that He had given him strength to testify, with his dying breath, to His loving kindness and tender mercy; and he prayed that his death might bring a blessing to the house in which he had received so much kind attention. No doubt his prayer was heard and answered.

Mrs. Martin, for that was the lady's name, stole softly out of the sick

man's room, and presently returned. Then, one by one, the various members of the family came in, to take their station at the dying bed of one whom they had all learned to love. They came, white and black, with moistened eyes, and solemn faces, and he gazed around upon them all with a countenance full of meaning.

At length he fixed his eyes upon Mrs. Martin. "My dear Madam," said he, "wont you get the Bible and read to me?"

"I'll try," said Mrs. Martin, bursting into tears. She brought the Bible, and asked him where she should read.

"Read the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians," said he.

She opened the book, and, with tearful eyes, and a trembling voice, began to read. She read about the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, and then about His resurrection; and the sick man clasped his feeble hands together and, fastening his eyes upon her face, seemed to drink in every word as if he heard it then for the last time. I wish I had time and space to transcribe the whole chapter, and to tell the reader how the face of the dying man grew brighter and brighter at every word till at the wonderful climax, where the inspired apostle breaks forth into an agony, of rapture, crying out, "Oh Death! where is thy sting? Oh Grave! where is thy victory?"—his hands, which had been gradually rising upwards, were seen stretched forth to Heaven as if to clasp the angel Messenger sent by the Father for his departing Spirit. But not yet was he released from his earthly fetters; and, when



the voice of the reader ceased, he drew a long breath as if exhausted, closed his eyes, folded his hands upon his breast, and lay perfectly quiet for a few moments, while the expression of rapture gradually faded from his countenance, and gave place to one of deep humility.

"It is wonderful—wonderful"—said he, at length opening his eyes; "but after all, I am only a poor sinful mortal, and would like you all to pray for me. Will you?" said he, looking first at Mrs. Martin, and then at all the rest by turns. Mrs. Martin hung down her head, again burst into tears and nobody answered a word. But presently Mrs. Martin by a great effort composed herself and said, "I cannot my dear sir; for oh, Mr. Carroll! I can't pray for myself."

"Could you not read to me out of the prayer book the prayers for the dying?"

"I'll try, sir," was all that she could say. She opened the Prayer Book, and, beginning with the service for the visitation of the sick, read on with tolerable composure for awhile. The sick man appeared perfectly familiar with the service, and directed her to such parts as he wished her particularly to read; till at length he said, "now read the prayer for a sick person at the point of departure."

But here the poor woman fairly broke down, and was obliged to give way to her convulsive sobbings. But her son, a youth of sixteen, silently took the book from her hands, and read, though in a trembling voice, that affecting prayer to the end.

I will interrupt my narrative only

long enough to say that this young man, by the blessing of God upon that very scene became an earnest, humble, active christian, and died, a missionary of the cross, in a foreign land.

When the youth had finished reading, the family rose from their knees, and, just at that moment, the little girl awoke and sat up in the bed. She gazed around her for a little while with a puzzled look, but Mrs. Martin took her from the bed, and she remained quietly seated on her lap. The father occasionally cast upon his little daughter an earnest and expressive glance, in which a shade of pardonable anxiety might be detected, mingled, as it was, with pious trust and resignation. At length his pale lips parted, and, while a beaming smile once more settled upon his death-stricken features, he was heard distinctly to pronounce these words, so full of appropriate meaning—"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." They were the last words he uttered; and soon, as if satisfied that all his earthly anxieties were at an end, he closed his eyes, once more crossed his hands upon his breast, and gently "fell asleep."

## CHAPTER II.

We use an author's privilege, and pass silently over a period of a dozen years, during which time our little orphan, Lucy, has been growing into womanhood; and soon we shall bring her again upon the stage.

Near the close of a lovely day in spring, one of those mammoth steam-boats which so constantly enliven the



solitude of our western waters, approached the eastern bank of the noble Mississippi. Onward she went, a high pressure boat as she was, awaking the distant echoes, and scaring many a timid bird from the boughs of the trees which overhang the margin of the rapid and ruffled stream. A beautiful village lay stretched out for nearly a mile along the verdant bank; one of those startling creations of anglo-saxon energy, which sometimes burst upon the denizens of the western states almost as if by magic.

As the majestic boat approached the landing, crowds of men and boys were seen running from all quarters, to gratify the curiosity which the arrival of a steamboat always excites in a new settlement; a curiosity of which the female portion of the population always feel their legitimate share, though a due regard to feminine decorum may keep them within their houses, and confine them to doors and windows.

To those who stood upon the steamer's hurricane deck, or who had arranged themselves along her guards, the crowd on shore presented a motley appearance. There was the stalwart mechanic, who had hastily dropped his tools, or even slid down from the roof of a pioneer hut, and who now stood with his naked and sun-burnt arms folded upon his breast, looking with a quiet curiosity, upon the busy scene; while near him leaned upon his golden-headed cane the pompous judge, regarding the proceedings with a patronizing and self-satisfied countenance. The pale and emaciated invalid, just recovered from a western fever, the bloated drunkard, the hale

and hearty farmer, even the painted and saturnine Indian, all were there, gazing with varied expression, on the newly arrived people, wondering whence they came, whither they were going, and what they had brought with them.

On the upper deck stood a party evidently about to leave the floating palace which for several days had been their home. Their fellow passengers were disposed in groups around them, ready to shake the parting hand, and to follow with good wishes and prayers, those who had so pleasantly accompanied them for a short distance upon life's journey. Upon the deck were also loungers, scattered in various directions, while the smirking waiter, and obsequious chambermaid, took especial pains to remain in sight, and to atone for a week of negligence by the fawning civilities of the parting moment. A striking emblem of the close of many an ill spent life!

Beautiful, gay hearted children were sporting upon the guards, reckless of danger, or unaware of its existence, while now and then the startling cry of an anxious mother, "where is my child?" would be followed by a merry laugh from some mischievous urchin, as he peeped suddenly forth from his concealment, and then hastily drew back his head, or scampered off to a more secret hiding place.

Nor were the steerage passengers by any means idle spectators of the busy scene. Many a bundle, large enough to conceal the comical form behind it, was pushed along, or rolled over and over till it reached the steamer's side, so as to be ready



for removal on shore; and many an overgrown "chist," that inevitable portion of an Irish outfit, was drawn or pushed towards the gangway, amid innumerable Irish drolleries. Then the Swiss and German women, with their broad, and shining faces, plaited hair, enormous combs and caps of all descriptions, with gaudy streamers floating on the breeze; and dumpy German boys, stumping about in their clumsy wooden shoes, their well bleached hair contrasting strongly with their sun-burnt faces; all lent an indescribable variety and interest to the scene.

On the upper deck one family appeared especially to attract the attention of those who expected still to remain on board. A tall, fine looking lady, was leaning heavily upon her husband's arm, and gazing around her with a careless, indifferent air. Though she had evidently been once a beauty, her countenance now scarcely challenged admiration. Her features were finely chiselled; and if they had been illumined with a smile of habitual good-humor, they would have been beautiful still. But they wore an expression of fretfulness and sullen discontent which would have marred the most perfect union of feature and complexion. There is no sight on earth more mournful, than to see a beautiful woman, one of the loveliest objects in God's creation, thus suffering her loveliness to be darkened by her own evil passions. Who would not drop a tear over such a ruin?

Her husband, Major Carroll, was a noble looking man, upon whose benignant features rested that very

smile so sadly wanting in the countenance of his lady. This would sometimes give place, for a moment, to an expression of sadness, as some petulant remark from his companion would disturb his serenity, or call forth a contemptuous look from some thoughtless bystander, which would send a bitter pang to the husband's heart.

A little in the background stood a somewhat timid girl who had numbered seventeen or eighteen summers. Her sweet countenance and downcast eyes drew an admiring glance from all who saw her. Though not strictly nor regularly beautiful, there was a pensive grace, a native modesty in all she said or did; and when engaged in conversation, her earnest eye and varying color gave her a high degree of that most engaging and most enduring beauty, the beauty of expression.

She had been holding by the hand a lovely boy, the only child of Major and Mrs. Carroll; the child, had, however, made his escape, and now stood at a little distance, intently engaged in watching a group of chickens which were running busily about the lower deck, and picking up the crumbs they found there in abundance. At intervals he would run gaily back to his fair protector, and, looking beseechingly up into her face, endeavor to draw her to the scene of his amusement. But she was not, as usual, ready to enter promptly into his childish feelings. Her countenance bore the traces of deep emotion, and she suddenly brushed away a tear which had come unbidden to her eye, and turned away to indulge the feelings



she now found she could not control.

This lovely girl, now grown to womanhood, was our old acquaintance, little Lucy Carroll. And now I will tell my readers why she wept.

Lucy had occupied for a week the same stateroom with a sweet girl of her own age, whose name was Mary Gordon. Thrown, as it seemed, by chance together, a short time sufficed to show them that their hearts were tuned in unison and that they could sympathize with each other on almost every subject.

Though Lucy loved her uncle, Major Carroll, and little Charley, her cousin, with a devotion only felt by those whose love is concentrated upon a very few objects, and whose constant experience of unkindness makes kindness doubly sweet, it was a new sensation to her to love so well an almost perfect stranger. I said unkindness, for I am obliged to confess that poor Lucy came in for a full share of the domestic storms created by her aunt.

Miss Gordon had a brother, a manly, noble fellow; and, on the very first evening of their acquaintance, while seated together, by moonlight on the promenade deck, Lucy found herself, before she was aware of it, conversing freely, and pouring out the rich and varied treasures of her mind. She was usually exceedingly reserved among strangers, but she felt that she was understood and fully appreciated by these interesting young people. Who has not experienced moments, when, in eager obedience to the spirit call of a thousand harmonizing influences, all the dormant tones of music within the soul suddenly awake,

and discourse harmonious and unwonted music—when there gushes from the lips the warm and rich outpourings of the overflowing heart? As one wave of feeling followed another, uprising from a fountain often overcharged with tender emotions, yet unable to give them vent, Lucy's delighted uncle who sat beside her, slowly passed his arm around her waist, and pressed her to his heart; and then as if afraid of breaking the spell that bound her, he hastily resumed his former position, with a heightened color, arising from the depth of her emotion, she gave her uncle a look of gratified fondness which brought a tear into his eye. Perhaps he was thinking how happy *he* might be if the wife of his bosom were only like the gentle being at his side!

"Did you observe," said Fredric Gordon, addressing Lucy, "the party who occupied the upper end of the tea-table this evening? It seemed impossible to satisfy them, and I fear they will be disagreeable passengers."

"Yes, I noticed them," replied Lucy; they were very unreasonable."

"The fact is, Miss Carroll," continued Fredric, "I wish people would keep their troubles to themselves. My greatest annoyances proceed from the troubles of other people. I must often, in common politeness, listen to a tale of grievances which to me would be no grievances at all; and I often find my impatient spirit fretted and chafed because my friends *will* tell me their troubles."

Lucy sighed, for she thought how often *she* had been worried by the fretful temper of her aunt. Slightly



blushing, she replied; "I do not altogether agree with you. I do not think we should always scorn the trials of others, however imaginary we may deem them. Imaginary troubles are often the most difficult to bear. Would it not be well to take refuge from such annoyances by staying our own minds on Almighty goodness, and by trying to lead others to that same resting place? And how delightful, turning resolutely away from the peevishness and discontent which we see around us, to fix our eyes on that abode of unchanging happiness and peace where our hopes should be centred, and to which every fleeting moment brings us nearer! There is no time nor sea-

son when we need to be debarred from this spiritual communing with an unseen, though not unreal world."

Lucy had forgotten that her uncle sat beside her; but now she heard a smothered sigh. Turning round, she saw by the moonlight that he was trembling with emotion. Silently she took his hand, and, pressing it between both of hers, she mentally prayed that he might be comforted under his severe affliction. A large tear dropped upon her hand, and she knew that the proud man wept.

He silently arose, and, accompanied by Lucy, descended to the cabin, leaving the brother and sister together on the deck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE TWO SOLILOQUIES.

### THE IDLE BOY.

O, dear me! what a terrible trouble it is to me to learn lessons and go to school! Here I have one, two—no, not two, but a whole column and a half of words with meanings, to get by heart. I wish words had no meanings. Well, I suppose I must begin to learn them: p-r-i-s pris, o-n on, prison, "A place where people are confined." Why shouldn't they say school, at once?—that's prison, I am sure. Well, what comes next? P-u-n pun-i-s-h ish, punish, I know the meaning of that word without the book, everybody in our house is so fond of

using it. "Master Charles," says old cross nurse, "If you will spoil your clothes in this manner, I shall ask your father to punish you." "Master Charles," cries Betty, the housemaid, "you deserve punishing, that you do, scratching my chairs and writing on my tables so." Now, they are not your chairs and tables, Mrs. Betty. O this ugly lesson—I never shall get it! P-l-e-a-s pleas, u-r-e ure, pleasure, "Gratification of the mind." Nay, but I am sure pleasure means swinging upon gates, eating candy, blowing bubbles, and playing at watchman and thieves



with our scholars. I dare say, if Fred Jones had heard me, he'd say pleasure meant having a new book. Read, read, read—I hate reading! When I am a man I'll never open a book, and I'll never send my children to school, and I'll have a black horse—no, it shall be a gray one with a long tail, and I'll ride up and down the streets all day long. O, how I wish I were a man now!

#### THE IDLE BOY BECOME A MAN.

Yes, I am a man; and woe is me for having been such a little fool when I was a boy! I hated my book, and took more pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to learn them. What a dunce I was, even over my spelling! Always at the bottom of my class, and my book thumbed, and dog's-eared, and cried over—the very emblem of duncehood. “Do Charles, learn your lessons,” said my father, “or you will be fit for nothing when a man.” “Do, dear Charles, give your mind to books,

or I shall be ashamed of owning you for my boy,” said my poor mother. But no; I must give my mind to whipping tops, and eating cokes, and a fine scholar they made me! Now there was Fred Jones; he liked play well enough, but he liked reading better; and he learned more out of school hours than I did in them.

Fred Jones is now, like myself, a man, but a very different kind of a man. He has made friends among the wise, the honorable, and the learned; I cannot be admitted to their acquaintance. He can interest a whole company with useful information; I am obliged either to be silent, or talk about the weather or my neighbors. I can make out a bill of parcels, but I blunder over a letter to a friend. I see my error now, but it is too late. I have no time to read, for I must work for my daily bread; and if I had time, I could not turn my reading to profit.

Behold the bitter fruits of idleness in childhood.—[*Miss Jewsbury.*]

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[Welcome, “ESTELLE!” Why is the bird that can sing so sadly sweet, silent so long? The following is of the essence of true poetry.]

#### A REMINISCENCE.

Written for the Morning Bulletin.

I saw her on her bridal night,  
And many guests were there—  
And loving was her blue eyes light,  
And soft her sunny hair.



Her white hand was a fluttering bird,  
From friend to friend it flew,  
And still its happy winging stirr'd  
Till each heart lighter grew.

Just as we love the glad sunshine,  
Just as we love the flowers—  
Unclaim'd, unasked, all hearts were thine,  
And thou wast dear to ours.

And had the vision of that night  
In memory's chamber hung,  
Still flashed upon its walls as bright,  
These lines had not been sung.

But mournfully the picture fades,  
The sun is sinking low—  
Beneath the solemn forest shades  
Bow'd forms move sad and slow.

Far from the land she lov'd the best,  
Far from her early friends,  
In the stately woods that crown the West,  
The stricken lily bends.

No mother's hand to press the brow  
That throbs with fever wild,  
And round her dying couch to bow,  
And pray, "God save my child!"

No kindred blood flows in the hand  
That closes that blue eye,  
Forever on the sunbright land,  
Forever on the sky.

And who amid that stranger throng,  
Recks of the falling flower,  
Who weeps the bird of sweetest song,  
Has left its vine-clad bower!

Who cares that loving hearts will break  
When the sad tale is told,  
That she, who did their sunshine make,  
In death sleeps still and cold!

The bridal veil upon her brow—  
The grief-bow'd husband by,—



The lips that breathed the bridal vow,  
Closed with the glad blue eye.

The fluttering hand has gone to rest,  
With one plain ring upon it,  
It nestles on her snowy breast—  
The bride-groom—Death has won it.

Young, sunny heart, farewell, farewell !  
Beneath the green trees sleeping,  
We leave thee in thy beauty's spell,  
And turn to sad hearts, weeping.

ESTELLE.

MEMPHIS, July 10, 1858.

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## THE AFFECTIONS.

[ *Original.* ]

"Sweet is the light of opening day,  
And sweet the rising sun,  
When stars from yonder azure sky  
Are fading one by one,  
But sweeter far than morning dews,  
Or than the starry showers,  
Are hearts of tenderness and love  
That kindly throb with ours."

Oh, beautiful is the first rose of spring, the first star of evening, the first golden tint of the dawn and the first written memorial of the being we love; but far more beautiful is the human heart—that innate principle, that mysterious divine essence, which amid all the changes incident to life, amid hopes and fears, amid prosperities and adversities sunshine and shadow, never forsakes us, but ever finds some object to attach itself to, and hold sweet communion with. Not the golden gleam which fell from the half opened gates of

Paradise on the drooping wing of the pining Peri could thrill the soul with more delicious sensations than the power of love. It crystalizes every feeling and concentrates every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart—love—holy and mysterious love is the garland spring of life, the poetry of nature. It exists everywhere, it burns as brightly on the snow-clad-mountains of Siberia as in the tropical bowers of the sunny South. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor as well as the gorgeous palace of the rich, and its light imparts a brilliancy to every home and thrills the heart of the veriest wanderer over earth.

Love is the music and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged ten-



dencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the fire-side and unites in closer union the affections of society. Friends may forsake us, the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves will cling the closer; as loud roars the storm, and amid the wreck of the tempest, it will serve as a “beacon” to light us on to love and happiness. Wisely and beautifully has it been said by the Poet of old, that our affections are immortal, and God himself is love; for it tempers the weakest soul, gives strength to the feeble, teaches the heart to believe against reason, to trust despite of doubt, filling it with richest harmonies, it adds even to our appreciation of the beautiful and sublime, for never are our sensibilities so keenly alive, as when under its delicious influence. ’Tis the soul of the universe; without it the world would be a desert and life endurance—not enjoyment. Hallowed by its inspiration, devoted woman follows the object of her adoration through all the gradations of crime and woe; and then when the heart-strings break—when life takes its last lingering flight, love, pure, immortal love, soars upward and joins with the white-robed choir in an anthem of glory to the great Redeemer of mankind who first loved and commanded us to love one another. How beautiful, how ennobling is that affection which dwells around our fire-sides and in our home-circles, with smiles for the joyous and tears for the sad; distrust and doubt darkens not the brightness of its purity; but kindness and filial affection blossom there in all the freshness of an eternal spring.

It matters not if the world is cold if we can but turn to our own loved circle and ask and receive all that our hearts claim. A look of love, a word of kindness and a tear of sympathy—that electric attraction that never falls in vain, but waters and fertilizes the soil of the most sterile heart and causes it to flourish with the beautiful flowers of gratitude and love. Who would live without its holy influence its eternal sunshine? Without it the fire-side that should be paradise, is but a gathering place of freezing looks and still colder words, while with its influence all is cheerfulness and bliss. The capability of inspiring love, and gaining the united affections of those around us, is the most enviable of all earthly possessions. ’Tis the wand of the enchanter, the spell of the fairy, and the ring of the genii.—“Yet Poets have sung of the joys of oblivion and longed to bathe the weary pinions in Lethe’s turbid wave, unmindful that if grief steps in the shadowy stream, it must sink, bearing on its dark bosom the joys, the loves of earth.” Rather let us love and drink the mingled cup—the bitter draught will better enable us to appreciate the sweet.

“The world is full of love!

The air

Is living with its spirit, and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies,  
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled  
And mantled with its beauty, and the walls  
That close the Universe with crystal in  
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim  
The unseen glories of immensity.  
In harmonies too perfect and too high  
For aught but beings of celestial mould.  
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,  
Unfading beauty and unyielding power.”

CELESTIA.

ATHENEUM, Columbia,  
February 1, 1859.



## LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

NUMBER XIII.

[ *Original.* ]

MY DEAR GIRLS:

For the last two months your friend Eugenia has omitted to write to you, for the reason—well, perhaps it is not best to state the reason, at present. Suffice it to say, that since penning the letter contained in the Dec. No. of the Aurora, she has had a deeper experience of the truth of some of the sentiments therein expressed, than ever before in life. “Coming events cast their shadows before,” and it was with such a shadow upon her spirits, that the letter referred to, was written. But her object is now to interest herself in *your* affairs, rather than to interest you in hers, so she will say no more about herself, but trust to your generosity to believe, that her silence has not been occasioned by any want of interest in the correspondence.

In looking over the letters which have been accumulating on my hands during this interval, I find one which particularly arouses my attention, and awakens my interest. In it are these words “I engaged myself to Mr.—— in good faith, but I have since come to the conclusion that my affection for him is not sufficient to justify our union. What shall I do? Ought I not, under these circumstances to break the engagement.” Alas! poor Agnes! you are in a sad pre-

dicament indeed. It is hard to advise you.

If it is settled in your mind, beyond all possibility of doubt, that you do not love him, I think you ought to tell him the truth fully and frankly: and however painful it may be for him to hear it, he will, if he is a true man, prefer to release you from the engagement. Better, far better for him that you should trample your bridal wreath under your feet, and break the enthrallment even at the last hour, than to rivet forever the chains that would bind a true-souled man to an empty heart. For galling, most galling to both would be those chains, from which death alone could set you free. But beware how you yield to a mere freak of feeling, or conclude that your affections are not placed upon your betrothed, because you are not at all times conscious of the emotion of love. In persons of a variable temperament there are certain moods and tenses of the mind, dependent to a great extent upon physical causes, in which they are scarcely conscious of loving any thing. The affection of a mother for her children, may at times be in a quiescent state so that she is conscious of no well defined emotion of love towards them, but let some danger threaten them, and instantly the deep fountain of her



tenderness is unsealed, and she would sacrifice her life to save them from harm. Hence I would entreat you not to conclude upon slight or insufficient grounds that your affections are not enlisted in this engagement, for by so doing you might seriously mar your own happiness and that of another; but if, after probing well your heart, at various times and in different states of mind, you find it averse to the connection, then by all means tell your betrothed at once, and that will, of course, end the matter so far as he is concerned, as he would, doubtless scorn to accept a loveless heart. But do not for a moment imagine that you can in this way, free yourself from responsibility. You do, by this very act, confess that you have committed one of the greatest wrongs of which a woman can be guilty. You confess that you have either plighted your troth thoughtlessly, without a knowledge of your own heart, or that you are fickle and unreliable, even in the most sacred transactions of life. Either of these admissions should condemn you at the bar of your own conscience—should humble you in the dust, and lead you, with penitential tears, to pray for the pardon of your great sin. You ought to feel that you have no right to expect the blessing of God upon any connection you may subsequently form. You have trifled with the happiness of another in a manner that is altogether inexcusable. It was your duty to have known the state of your affections before entering into the engagement, but after your vows were recorded in Heaven, you had no more right to reconsider

the matter, than if the marriage ceremony had been performed.

Perhaps some of my fair readers are ready to enquire whether there are no circumstances which could justify a lady in refusing to fulfil an engagement. In reply to such I would say, that the above remarks are made on the supposition that all has been fair and honorable on the part of the gentleman. If a gentleman has deceived a lady, and obtained her consent to marry him by purposely concealing what would, if known, have prevented her from forming the engagement, she would be justified in breaking it, when the facts come to her knowledge. As, for instance, if she should learn, subsequently to an engagement, that her betrothed had dissipated habits. She could then only be blamed for not having taken sufficient pains to ascertain his character before placing herself in such a relation to him. Again, if the character of her betrothed should change after the contract is made, if he should avow licentious principles, or become addicted to any form of vice, he would cease to be the man to whom she had plighted her troth, and she would not be bound to fulfil the engagement. These are the only two cases in which as I conceive, a lady would be justified in refusing to redeem her plighted faith. No amount of misfortune, however disastrous, which comes upon him by the Providence of God, without any fault of his own, could render her innocent in deserting him.

When she promised to be his, it was understood that she was to share whatever of prosperity or adversity, of happiness or misery his Heavenly



Father should see fit to appoint to his lot; but she did not agree to share with him the consequences of the vicious habits he might subsequently contract. It is admitted there may be cases, even where no charge of immorality can be brought, in which it would be wisest and best for both parties that the engagement should not take effect, but in these cases it should be given up by mutual consent, both parties being equally convinced that it is best.

I presume you all read that sweet sketch of the wife of Huber, contained in the last No. of the *Aurora*. It beautifully illustrates the faith and constancy of a true woman's heart. One such woman does more honor to her sex than a whole race of thoughtless, heartless girls who can make and break half a dozen engagements before marriage. I blush to say it, but it is alas! too true, that some of these are so blind to the perception of all that is truly noble and elevated in the character of woman, that they even glory in their shame.

But I trust that none of the dear girls for whom I write, belong to this class. You all readily admit that a gentleman who would, without sufficient provocation on her part, break his plighted faith to a lady, would be beneath your contempt. But the moral character of an act is the same in the sight of God, whether the actor be male or female.

If these views be correct, and I think they must commend themselves to every enlightened conscience, then it is evident that the act of betrothal is the most sacred and solemn transaction of a woman's whole life, much more so than the marriage ceremony, as that is merely a public ratification of vows which were before recorded in the court of Heaven and derived their binding force from that record. And think you that one who could act hastily and thoughtlessly in reference to a subject so momentous, would give any proof of the possession of those qualities of mind and heart which alone can fit her for woman's high and holy mission? I once heard a girl say, she would hate to acknowledge that she married the first man she was ever engaged to.

"O! wad some power the giftie' gi' us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

was my mental ejaculation, and I thought, were I a gentleman, I should much prefer to be the *first* rather than the *last* man to be engaged to one like her.

That you, my Dear Girls, will all act from principle in these matters—that you will maintain a conscience void of offence—that you will prove yourselves to be true women, in the highest sense of that exalted term, is the earnest wish of her who sincerely desires your happiness here and hereafter.

Truly yours,

EUGENIA.

MURFREESBORO', Feb. 12, 1859.



## SONG OF THE HEART.

BY J. N. WILLIAMS, M. D.

[ *Original.* ]

My heart, be still ; abide His will  
 Who marks thy destiny,  
 And bids thee here it all fulfill  
 For bright eternity.

O, cease thy doubtings, calm thy fears  
 And trust to His command,  
 Who guides the planets in their  
 spheres,  
 And rules both sea and land.

Be still, my heart, though bleeding  
 still,  
 O'er friendship's broken ties;  
 Abide His time—say not, “when  
 will  
 I pass beyond the skies,—

Where disappointments come no  
 more?

Where sighings shall be o'er,  
 Evermore; O, blissful shore  
 Shall be o'er evermore!

That shore where those I love have  
 fled,

Who were too good to stay  
 Among the living and the dead,  
 Wand'ring o'er life's rough way.

Oh! rugged way where friends be-  
 tray

Us in this wilderness ;  
 O, blissful shore of endless day,  
 I long for thy sweet rest.”

My heart, be still; in all thy woe  
 Resigned e'er be to Love,  
 As thro' this cypress vale you go  
 To brightest climes above.

And then thy aching's shall be o'er,  
 Thy sighings be no more  
 When we shall meet on yonder shore  
 The lov'd for ever more!

FLAT LICK, La.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY H. Y. RIDDLE.

[ *Original.* ]

After a long period of unjust and  
 injurious depreciation woman has at-  
 tained something like her true posi-

tion. We will not assert that she has  
 attained her true position, for by so  
 doing we would be thrown into an-



tagonism with some who still maintain that the usages and laws of society subject her to a state of comparative degradation. As a natural consequence of her elevation to a position higher than that she occupied centuries ago, the sphere of her influence has been correspondingly enlarged. That woman exerts an influence in this day, is abundantly proven by the space she occupies in almost every number of the newspaper and the periodical. In fact, judging from evidence of this character, we are led to the unavoidable conclusion that she is "one of the powers that be." And it is a source of gratification and rejoicing to all, who are cognizant of the happiness she dispenses in every community, that she does possess an influence. And has she not always possessed it? Eve had influence when through her suggestions Adam tasted, against his better judgment, the forbidden fruit. Such was the extent and power of her influence that he yielded to her persuasions, although they came in direct conflict with the command of their common Creator.—His only excuse for the transgression was: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." Esther had influence when she captivated the heart of Ahashuerus, displaced Vashti, and saved by her entreaties the lives of Mordecai and her own people, the Jews. Jezebel had influence when she perverted the heart of Ahab and made him partaker of the iniquities of the nations that were strangers to the God of Israel. Mary and Martha had influence when

through love to them as well as to vindicate the divinity of his mission, the meek and lowly Nazarine directed his steps to the grave of Lazarus and raised him from the dead. Time would fail us in the attempt to turn the pages of profane history in support of our proposition. That we might adduce numberless instances will not be questioned by those familiar with the records of the past. They are to be found alike in the stately halls of the nobility and in the humble dwellings of peasantry and serfdom—amid the pomp and magnificence of the city and amid the privacy and simplicity of the country. If, then, woman has influence, let us enquire into the character and extent of that influence. That it is always beneficial, will not be pretended.—The history of mankind shows that the "trail of the serpent" is to be found upon woman's character, as well as upon man's. And when her influence is deleterious, its evil consequences defy calculation. Had the mother of our race foreseen the misery and the woe to be entailed upon her posterity by yielding to temptation and violating the divine law, she would have been struck with astonishment and horror. But she did not foresee it. She knew not the penalty that was to accompany the violation of the injunction: "Thou shalt not eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." If she had known it, her guilt would have been crimsoned with a deeper hue. The primal fall teaches us all an important lesson, but to woman it is all-important. It says to her: "Your influence is great—more so than



man's—be scrupulous, therefore, in discharging your duty and fulfilling your destiny, for should you fail, should you violate what you consider the least of the commandments, you know not what the consequences may be—they may far surpass your expectations. Remember Eve and Lot's wife.

As woman's influence, when evil, is overwhelming; so, when benign, it is without limitation. Does any one question the truth of this statement? Does any one wish to know the grounds upon which our assumption, that woman's influence is greater than man's, rests? If so, we do not hesitate to give the reasons upon which our belief is founded; and here they are. Let a subscription for any benevolent object be started and placed in the hands of discreet women and the required amount of funds will be raised in half the time and with half the trouble it would cost an equal number of men, no matter what their position and influence in the community may be. The experiment can be very easily tried, if any one accuses us of dealing in mere assertion; and we will cheerfully abide the result, being perfectly assured that it would sustain our proposition. One of the most excellent men and distinguished jurists of Tennessee made in all earnestness the following remark, which the writer carefully treasured up in the store-house of memory: "A woman has more influence in a community than *ten* men. You may consider me extravagant, but your experience in life will lead you to the same conclusion." It is beyond our present purpose to join

issue with public opinion as to the estimate generally placed upon woman's *originative* and *inventive* talents, but we are well assured that it has greatly under-estimated her *executive* talent.

But why has woman more influence than man? The reason is obvious. She has the training and nurture of our race committed to her hands—a sacred charge legitimately and necessarily belonging to her. She makes the first impression upon the rising generation, and first impressions are always most permanent. Her connection with childhood is indissoluble, and her association with it is as unceasing as the movements of the planets. The consequence is that we are more intimately acquainted with the female heart, and the female character, and we have found so much goodness, and piety, and disinterested affection there, that we cannot but admire and love. This sentiment, originated and developed during infancy, becomes a part of our being through life. We love our mothers, we revere our fathers.—Woman is gentle, tender, and forgiving; man is firm, just, and determined. We get to thinking that our mothers were made to love us and caress us—our fathers to "work us and whip us." Woman always seems a kindred spirit, man a distinct individuality. We trust in woman, we take care of ourselves when dealing with man. To embrace the whole matter in a nut-shell, we believe women, as a class, to be better than men—superior to them in moral excellence and in all the "sweet courtesies of life." Imagine a communi-



ty where a woman's face is not to be seen. What would you think of that community? You would instinctively pronounce it a community of Yahoos. No earthly consideration could induce you to take up your abode in such a horrible place. With woman for a companion, there is a luxury in existence; without them, man would soon relapse into barbarism—this world would be a dark prison-house for the wearied soul. Woman's influence, then, arises from her intimate association with infancy, and from the acknowledged fact that she is a purer and better being than man. It would be well for all who desire to increase their usefulness, to note how it may be accomplished. Be kind and affectionate to the young, do them little favors, and take a lively interest in their little affairs. You can accomplish your object sooner in this way than in any other. Did you never notice that you have comparatively little influence over those of your own age? They are apt to entertain as lofty conceptions of their importance as you do of yours. And did you never notice that a man, whom you regard as your inferior in moral excellence, has very little if any influence over you at all? If he gives you advice, you are very apt to think if you do not say it—"My friend, you had better take the beam out of your own eye before you remind me of the mote in mine."

Occupying the position and exerting the influence that she does, it is passing strange that some of her sex clamor for a sphere of greater activity and of a wider range. They pine

for the battle-field, the crowded mart and the political arena. The household is no longer an adequate theatre for the exhibition of their abilities. But we are satisfied that a limited experience in more active employments would produce the conviction entertained by the great majority of true women, that they are in the right place—the place that Heaven designed them for; and that they alone are at fault if discontent has entered the precincts of the heart. Why should she wish to exchange "domestic happiness, the only bliss that has survived the fall," for the vexations of a more public life? Is not the household a sphere of activity? It has a more benign influence upon the female character, and is better calculated to develop the "fine gold of feeling" which pervades the female heart than any other vocation can possibly have. When it is remembered that the result of training up children is a higher appreciation of the female character, is not the task delightful? It would be well for woman to hold on to the vantage-ground she already occupies; for a participation in the bustle and turmoil of business life would be detrimental to the finer sensibilities of her nature, and would materially curtail her influence.—Bargain and sale, chaffering with men of all sorts, and mingling with them at the bar or in the legislative hall, would be sure to infect her with a gross utilitarianism—with what Edward Everett would call a "greasy feel of self." There is a bare possibility that the head might be improved, but the heart would, most indubitably suffer.



It is now an established truth that a high degree of intellectual cultivation is not inconsistent with profligacy and vice. The Greeks and Romans were a cultivated people, but their morals would not bear inspection. The Augustan age of English literature was not particularly distinguished for virtue and morality. We, Americans, have some claims as a literary nation, and yet the watchmen on the walls declare that we are "waxing worse and worse." This is a frightful spectacle for a woman to contemplate. It should silence her clamors for a sphere of greater publicity. But we are safe in saying that a woman's influence is increased by such a devotion to intellectual pursuits as does not interfere with more sacred duties. Knowledge adds a bewitching charm to woman's native sweetness and loveliness. The startling fact, however, stands prominent in the history of literature that, literary women as a class have been unhappy. Whether their unhappiness is to be attributed to their pursuits, or to fortuitous circumstances, we are not prepared to say; perhaps it is in some measure due to both. With the lights now before us, we cannot undertake to say emphatically that the pursuit of literature as a speciality promotes woman's influence.

She has never attained a distinction in literature equal to man's, and in all probability never will, from the fact that she is physically and mentally incapable of that patient labor by which alone it can be secured. But the influence she exerts upon literary development is quite percepti-

ble, and if Mr. Buckle is to be believed, it is overshadowing. Her mind is deductive, man's inductive. She sees instinctively what it takes man years to ascertain. She jumps to conclusions, man arrives at them by patient labor, and yet the conclusions are the same. Mr. Buckle, in his celebrated address before the Royal Institution, entitled: "The Influence of Woman upon the Progress of Knowledge," contends that literature is indebted to woman for the brightest gems that illustrate its history. He asserts that she first suggested their existence, that man, acting upon the suggestion, commenced investigating to ascertain "whether these things were so," and that the investigation led to their definite ascertainment. According to his theory, the investigation which led to their discovery would not have been commenced if woman had not first suggested the possibility of their existence. If this theory be correct, her inferiority is not so great as some writers have supposed; while her intellectual influence is superior to man's, and intellectual achievements are inferior.

Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt, that the co-operation of the female mind with the male is attended with large results. The one takes from the other something to supply its own admitted deficiencies. For these reasons we have always thought that the association of boys and girls together in the school-room was beneficial in its tendency.

Woman has exercised great influence upon some of the brightest intellects that adorn our literary annals.



Laura was the inspiration of Petrarch. His dear Milly assisted Niebuhr in the preparation of his voluminous works. Herpylis comforted and encouraged Aristotle in his dialectic researches. The wife of Grotius aided him in his religious controversies and after sharing the drudgery of his imprisonment, contrived the expedient of his liberation. Boccacio was stimulated by the beauty of his Fiametta, and the charms of those dash-

ing Cyprians, Lydia and Lalage, incited Horace to weave the web of poesy. Beatrice was the inspiring muse of Dante, and the thrilling verses of Burns upon his "Highland Mary," indicate how indelibly her image was impressed upon the tablets of his memory. Truly woman has her victories no less renowned than those of man. She is the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.

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### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

[ *Original.* ]

"Oh dear!" said Julia Bell, "must the monotonous A.B.C. be the Alpha and Omega of my teaching this summer! How hard I have studied all the past winter, and now all the Philosophies &c., must be laid aside, while I teach little children just to read.

Well, never mind, I have a lovely group of affectionate bright little ones, and I'll try to be a blessing to them." And on she went with quickened steps, and was soon surrounded by forty pupils all clamorous for the good morning smile and greeting. All were soon in their places, and after the reading of the scriptures, and prayer, the customary lessons for the day began.

There sat George and Jimmy Eaton, two little brothers, with bright, healthy, happy faces, each holding

in his hand a new First Reader, the gift of their father the day before.

Fearing their young minds might be wearied by much study their parents at first resolved they should not learn to read till they were ten years old. But suddenly changing their minds they had placed them in Miss Bell's school for the summer, and, so alike were they in their progress, both were to commence the new Reader the same day. Never did young collegian with more delight commence his sophomore year than did these boys their First Reader. At length their hour arrived and hardly had the words, "Come boys," fallen from the teacher's lip e'er they were by her side. In answer to his pleading look she said, Jimmy may read first. And he began, first softly



spelling, then slowly pronouncing loud. "The--sky--is--blue--the--air--is--soft. Then pausing, he raised his eyes to his teacher's face, in curious wonder and said, "Miss Bell, what--is--air? In an instant the oft repeated definition of the winter arose to her lips, "Air is the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, a portion of which we take into our lungs everytime we breathe." Then, checking herself she said mentally. "Shall I freeze the tender gems of thought in this infant mind by such an iceberg answer? No," and taking the book from his hand, she waved it suddenly before his face, arousing a little breeze which lifted the sunny locks from his pure white brow. "Jimmy" said she, "did anything touch your face?" After a slight hesitation he said "Yes ma'am."

"Breathe Jimmy" said Miss Bell, "take a good long breath. Did anything go in your mouth?" "Yes," said he and smiles played all over his face. "Tis air Jimmy, air is all about us, it is very wonderful, you may think a great deal about it now, and when you are old enough to learn more about it, I think you will love God for giving it to us. George may read," and George began "Can—a—boy—cry—and—not—shed—a—tear?" Then he paused with a questioning look. "What is it," said Miss Bell. "Do men ever cry?" said he. The teacher looked earnestly in his face so like his fathers and remembering how with hundreds of others, held almost in breathless silence, she had listened while the noble Professor proclaimed salvation through Jesus of Nazereth with such

soul inspiring eloquence as to draw tears from every eye.

And she said "George, did you ever see your father cry?" Instantly the boy's lips began to quiver, he put his hands over his face, and the gushing tears fell fast even to the floor. He sobbed some moments, and when he could speak he said yes ma'am. "When was it George," said the teacher kindly.

"When Jimmy and I played truant and stayed from home till eight o'clock in the evening. He whipped us and he cried," and the little fellow wept as if his heart would break.

"Well George be a good boy and never cause your parents to weep for you again. And remember if there were no sin in this world all the tears would be tears of joy."

"I will try to be good" said George, "and I too said James." Re-ess came soon after, and the teacher saw George kindly raise a little boy from the ground where he had fallen, and then smiles like cheerful sunbeams stole over his tearful face and he hastened to join the healthful sports of his young companions.

But Jimmy, why it would have done a physiologist good to look at the little fellow.

There he stood, apart from the rest with his head erect, his shoulders thrown back, mentally and physically luxuriating on the fine summer breeze.

Well, said Miss Bell here is a way to teach I never thought of before.

Natural and Moral Philosophy in one little class. I shall not only need all the elements of knowledge I possess, but assistance from on high to teach these forty scholars as they



ought to be taught. No one can be  
too wise to teach little children.

As dew upon flowers, so fall

mental and moral truths, upon the  
minds and hearts of the young.

J. N PAGE.

## THE SOUL MUST BE IMMORTAL.

[ *Original.* ]

“According harps  
By angel fingers touched, when the  
mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth  
still  
The song of our great immortality.”

Who can contemplate that mysterious part of our being—the *soul*, without thinking of its eternal home when mortality shall have fulfilled its destiny; and more especially should the thought be serious when we are taught as the deeds done in the body are good or evil, so shall it share forever a home amid the brightness of Heaven, or be doomed to the dark abode of the unfortunate where never gleams the “golden sun of hope.”

There are some contracted minds professing to doubt our great immortality, when a voice of startling cadence within the bosom of every one whispers in the clearest accents—“thy soul will never die.” This truth we all believe intuitively; and even if it were not so, we know that

no material thing was ever annihilated but only changes form; and how could we suppose that the soul, (which is not only opposite in every respect to matter, but greatly its superior) to be blotted out of existence when it soars from its frail Temple. No! No! this cannot be; 'tis an immortal gem that will never loose its brightness. That Mind and Matter are opposite, we may see by contrasting them. The mind *thinks, wills* and *reasons*, and only from the exercise of these faculties can we learn of its nature. Matter being visible and possessing the properties of Impenetrability, Extension, Divisibility, Inertia and Attraction, we may observe its every change. Well might we say when the soul has ceased to give lustre to the eye, and the rose-tint of life has fled forever from the cheek, 'tis but the casket that lies here, the *gem* that filled it glitters yet.

OCTIE.

FRANKLIN, Tenn., Jan. 22, '59.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

## A PRETTY CONCEIT.

We saw yesterday, in the parlor of a friend, a very beautiful conceit. It is, of course, the fancy of a lady, and consist of the burr of a pine tree placed in a wine glass half full of water, and *between* the different layers of the burr are shooting forth greenblades, bright, beautiful, and refreshing. For a little thing we have seen nothing that so pleased us with its beauty and novelty. And the secret is this: the burr was found dried and opened; the different circles were sprinkled with grass seed, and it was placed in a wine glass, with water in as above. In a few days the moisture and nourishment gave the burr life and health, the different circles closed and buried within themselves the grass seed, and a few days more gave to the seed also life, sprout and growth, and now a pyramid of living green, beautifully relieved by the sombre hue of the burr, is the result—as pretty and novel a parlor ornament as we have for a long while seen. We do not know whether the idea was original with the lady, but we do know that its success is beautiful.—*Troy Times*.

## MODESTY.

There is a resistless charm in a modest demeanor, which is worth more than all the arts by which designing women seek to captivate the

opposite sex. Meretricious attractions may chance to please to-day; but native excellence, with the simple setting of modesty, will delight to-morrow, and next day, and so on, without interruption. Moreover, the pleasure which we derive from spurious or shallow charms is always followed by disgust, when we come to see that we have been imposed upon. It is not agreeable to our *amour propre* to know and feel that we have been cheated. The old paradox about “beauty unadorned,” has much truth in it, and is very pointedly and prettily rendered in the following epigram:

“As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,  
So modest ease in beauty shins more bright,  
Unaiming charms with force resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief does it all!”

## AN EMPRESS' SNEER AT EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Russian *Journal Amusant* relates: “The Czar, desiring to recompense a great service rendered by a petty functionary, invited him and his wife to pass a few days at the palace of Peterhoff. The latter, in order to appear of a rank which she does not possess, pledged her husband's salary for three years to raise a sum to buy rich dresses; she was thus able to appear in a new toilette



every morning and evening. The Empress, hearing what she had done, resolved to give her a lesson, and on the day of departure, said: 'Do you know, Madame, that you are greatly to be pitied for having such a bad dressmaker? She cannot evidently make a dress to fit you, since you are obliged to change so often!'

### HEALTH PROMOTED BY FAMILY MUSIC.

Music, like paintings and statuary, refines, and elevates, and sanctifies. Song is the language of gladness, and it is the utterance of devotion. But coming lower down, it is physically beneficial; it rouses the circulation, wakes up bodily energies, and diffuses life and animation around. Does a lazy man ever sing? Does a milk-and-water character ever strike a stirring note? Never. Song is the outlet of mental and physical activity, and increases both by its exercises. No child has completed a religious education who has not been taught to sing the songs of Zion. No part of our religious worship is sweeter than this. In David's day it was a practice and a study.

### A MORAL AND EXAMPLE.

"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and example. When the wasp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with all kinds of violence. I wonder it didn't sting every one of you. Now in future, let a wasp, when it comes, have its little bout

and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—be quiet as the statue of Venus or Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined, as at this moment, to settle. Then do as I do now. Whereupon dipping the feather end of a pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approach the wasp, and in the softest and tenderest manner possible just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow, like a green waistcoat, when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute. "There, girls," said I, "see what kindness a little oil does."

### A HAPPY FAMILY.

A gentleman travelling through Mecklenburg about forty years ago, was a witness to a very singular circumstance in the post-house at New Hargard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat, with a bell about its neck. They all four went to the dish, and without disturbing each other, fed together; after which the dog, cat, and rat lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity which existed among these animals, informed his guest that the rat was the most useful of the four, for the noise he made had completely freed the house from the other rats and mice with which it had previously been infested.



## THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LIFE.

[ *Original.* ]

Human life is a picture, variagated with lights and shadows.

In our deepest gloom, we may see the rays of sunshine which break forth from the dark clouds, and which seem to cheer us by their light, and cause us to forget the sorrows of life. The dark spots make the light ones more beautiful. If we had no sorrows we would not appreciate the pleasures of life. The one makes the other more bright and beautiful.

An Artist in sketching a landscape, seems intent on distinguishing every delicate light, and mingling it with shadows in order to make the picture more beautiful. Thus it is with life. By blending the lights, and the shadows, the sunshine and the clouds, we form the beautiful picture of human life.

See that fair haired girl, the idol of her parents, and happy in the enjoyment of every pleasure that can be afforded. No dark shadows cross her pathway, all is sunshine, every wish of her young heart is gratified. Everything that sees her seems to envy her happiness. Even the little songsters as they warble their sweet notes about her window do not seem to be happier than she. But will she always remain thus happy and free from sorrow? No, it cannot be. For the beauty and perfection of her own character, the shadows must be mingled with the lights of her life, she too is doomed to feel the sorrows

of human life. Darkness must overshadow her pathway, that the light of her life may be the more beautiful.

The pleasures of life, are the light, and the sorrows are the shadows, there is seldom one without the other. Sorrows and pleasures are mingled together in various ways, some have more sorrows and others more pleasure but all have more or less of both. If the sun shines bright above us for a few days it cannot always so shine. It must sometimes be overshadowed with dark and heavy cloud. Storms are necessary to purify the atmosphere we breathe. Thus it is with life. All may seem bright before us for a short time, but soon, yes, too soon, our brightest hopes are crushed and we are left to grope in darkness.

What a mystery is life! There are times when we can see harmony and beauty in everything around us, but our visions do not always remain clear. Ah! if we could always be content with whatever befalls us, feeling that all is for our good how much happier we would be! But it is not so, we love the bright better than the shadow. If things do not happen as we wish we often complain. If we could leave all things with Him whose love for us is infinite, he would dispose all things for our good better than we could do. But when dark days come how our poor hearts sink. Our faith is strong as long as the skies are bright. We can trust the



wisdom of our Maker while bright rays of sunshine lie in our pathway. But the dark hours come before us as much in mercy as the bright ones. They show us that our faith in our Creator is a living faith. We are not in this world to enjoy pleasures alone. We must know some of its sorrows, or we will not be prepared for a future world. Sorrows are no less necessary than pleasures. Sorrows make us better, more patient and more humble. If we never had any sorrows, we would never think of the future, and would never be

prepared for a higher existence. They are intended to prepare us for more enduring pleasures in the life to come. We ought therefore thankfully receive the pleasures, and patiently bear the sorrows of life, knowing that they are the Lights and Shadows which are necessary to the beauty and excellence of our characters—and which will prepare us for that future and eternal life, where there is no shadows but where *all* is *light*.

JULIET.

BROWNSVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.

January 1859.

### THE PARISIAN DOG-DOCTOR.

A few weeks ago, the Countess K——, a Russian lady of great wealth, alarmed at the illness of a favorite King-Charles spaniel, sent a servant for the well-known Doctor B——, whose professional practice is wholly canine.

At the appointed hour enter M. D. —a tall, thin, bald gentleman of most dignified politeness of manner, and dressed in the profoundest black, his boots of the most spotlessly varnished leather, showing that he had come in his equipage.

“And where is your interesting invalid, Madam?”

The dog lay on a cushion at the feet of the Countess, and the Doctor prepared to take a diagnosis of the disease. First ungloving his right hand, he caressed his patient till his

confidence was won, then examined his tongue, felt his pulse, tried the pressure of his loins, and, with ear lowered to the dog's head, observed his breathings.

“Madam! the case is serious!”

“Oh, Doctor! try, at least, what medicine do for him. I so love the little creature!”

“But Madam the complaint is more a morral than a physical one, I fear. Will madam allow me to ask if she has another favorite, at present?”

“No other dog in the world! No pet whatever, except the parrot in the cage, yonder—a feathered favorite with which my spaniel has nothing to do.”

And does the dog see you feed the parrot?”



"Of course, but it is only nuts and fruit that I give to the bird, and the dog, of course eats meat."

"Ah, but Madam, dogs have hearts and wish to be exclusively loved; and yours, Madam, allow me to assure you, is *dying of jealousy!*"

"Impossible!"

"Nothing more certain, Madam! I see it by the way he steals an unwilling look at the bird, then sighs and drops his head. You observe, by the other symptoms, that the liver, the seat of jealousy, is attacked. From the torpid action of the remaining organs he is now getting feverish and jaundiced. Unless there is an immediate change in the action, he

will die in a week."

"But how—pray tell me, how to produce this change."

"First, and that speedily, remove the bird! Then, Madam, have no absences for which the dog cannot account. Other corroborative treatment, of course, such as light nourishment, fresh air and exercise; but, above all, expulsion of the parrot, beyond sight, smell or hearing!"

The Doctor rose and drew on his gloves, received with gracious courtesy the gold coin which paid him for his visit and bowed himself out.

Following his advice most implicitly, the Countess saved her dog!

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## Editor's Port-Folio.

A certain poet has sung of "The joy in grief," and however paradoxical this expression may seem to those who refer events only to secondary causes, and who view not the hand of a Heavenly Father in the afflictive dispensations of his Providence; yet there are those who can fully comprehend its import. It is from the lowest depths of the valley of humiliation, that the christian is enabled to perceive the clearest rays from the Sun of righteousness. From this point of view, time, with all its busy cares,

dwindles into insignificance when compared with the momentous interests of Eternity, and the glories of an immortal inheritance are no longer obscured by the mists and clouds of Earth. To this point, the grief which strikes its fangs deepest into the heart's core, is best calculated to bring God's real children.—When earthly props are swept away, they lean more directly on the Saviour's bosom, and it is joy to feel his everlasting arms, underneath and around them. It is joy to consecrate themselves anew



to the service of their Redeemer, and feel the full force and preciousness of the promises contained in His holy word. O! how much are they to be pitied who reject the truths of revelation! What can sustain them in the dark hour of trial? Surely they must gaze upon a frightful void of futurity, from which the hardihood of Atheism might well shudder and shrink in dismay.

Behold such a one, when in the vicissitudes of life, some object of his heart's desire is snatched from his embrace. He bends over the grave without one prop of hope, or promise of comfort. All around is the darkness of death, and the gloom of despair. No celestial vision—no angelic whisper dispels the horrors of the scene. But place the christian believer, where the joys of nature are chilled, and hope, with its object ready to sink into the same grave. He mourns but with the tears of anguish, mark the mingled smile of consolation. He beholds the angel of life descend—the grass-green covering of the tomb recedes, and he stands wrapt in the visions of a new and imperishable creation.

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Not long since we heard a very intelligent and judicious mother remark, that a daughter of hers, while on a visit to a friend, some three years ago, received an injury from which she has not yet recovered, and from which she will doubtless be a sufferer during the remainder of her life. This injury was inflicted by the direct agency of the friends to whom the mother had entrusted her child for one short week only. Were this a solitary instance, we might pass it over in silence; but believing that thousands all over our land have the seeds of disease and premature death planted in their constitutions in the same manner, by the hands of professed friends, we feel disposed to chronicle this case as a warning,

in the hope of arousing some dormant conscience to a sense of the fearful responsibility incurred by such treatment of juvenile guests.

This child was about twelve years of age at the time of the visit referred to, and up to this period, under the training of her excellent mother, she had been healthy, rosy and happy. Her temper was mild and even, her spirits buoyant as the gay birds that carrol joyously in the merry spring-time.

She was a stranger to nervous irritability, depression of spirits, and all the thousand and one nameless horrors that accompany imperfect digestion. But during this fatal visit, nuts, candies, rich cakes, pastries, &c., &c., were placed temptingly before her every hour of the day, even from the rising of the sun till long, *long* after the going down of the same. The child could not resist the temptation so artfully spread before her by the hands of well meaning, but most unwise and injudicious friends; and the result was, chronic disease of the stomach, which casts a deep shadow over all her future prospects. The body which was thus injured contains a gem of intellect possessing rare beauty and brilliancy, but associated as it is with a dyspeptic stomach and disordered nerves, how will its development be impeded! How has the happiness and usefulness of what promised to be a most valuable life, been impaired, if not wholly destroyed, by this too prevalent, but most animal idea of promoting the enjoyment of guests.—When will our ideas of hospitality become more rational.—We have very little respect for those animals who place their highest happiness in eating and drinking, and yet we too often treat our best friends as if we thought they belonged to that degraded class. Bread, meats, vegetables and fruits, prepared in the most simple and easily digested form, and these only at regular intervals



never later than three or four hours before the time of retiring, are best for ourselves and for our children; and if so, it is equally true that they are best for the friends who may chance to be temporarily domiciled under our roof. Of these a sufficient variety can be procured to answer all the demands of the highest degree of physical health and comfort. True hospitality does not require that we should tempt guests to their own injury, and should not an enlightened conscience forbid it?

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Perhaps there is no one error from which the cause of vital godliness suffers more severely, than from a failure, on the part of those who profess to take the Bible for their guide, to carry out its express teachings on the subject of christian meekness and forbearance.— Many attempts are made to explain away the force of those precepts which require us to love our enemies, to bless those who curse us, to do good to those that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use us, and persecute us, and to give them a meaning more in accordance with the natural inclinations of the unregenerate heart, than the Holy Ghost intended. Hence we frequently find, among the professed followers of Christ, contentions as sharp and bitter as those which characterize men of the world. And is it not sometimes too true that they resort to means for the purpose of injuring others, which mere men of the world, standing solely upon their sense of honor, would scorn to use? Are, then, the morals of the gospel inferior to the code of worldly honor? By no means. The morality of the Bible is as high and holy as the source from whence it came. It positively forbids a spirit of retaliation, contention and strife. It nowhere tolerates a desire to injure another because he has injured us. "If any man

have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." It is far more charitable to conclude that those who fail to carry out the principles of christianity, are strangers to its power, than for a moment to doubt the efficacy of the gospel in transforming the carnal heart into the image of Christ. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his;" and the true Israel are not the less holy, because some foreigners have assumed the garb, and learned the dialect of Canaan.

A recent writer in the Chronicle, in a very excellent article on this subject, alludes to a humorous allegory, entitled "Modern Pilgrims," which we have read with deep interest, and would advise all our readers, who have not already done so, to procure and read as soon as possible. The author of this work describes at length "a battle which took place at the Oasis called Manhattan, between the Rev. Dr. Right-in-the-main, and the Rev. Dr. Philpotts, leaders of two great caravans of modern Pilgrims who had assembled at this place. It was conducted according to the strictest code; great was the valor and fortitude of the champions, and severely did they punish each other. Immense was the sympathy of the spectators and dire the conflict. Bang, bang went the staffs, rapping against each other; and then a dull thump, or a ringing crack showed the body or the skull was reached; and the audience cried out continually, shouting, "well done!" "bravo!" "hit him again!" It is not our intention to give the details of the conflict; suffice it to say that at length Dr. Right-in-the-main was worsted, while Dr. Philpotts, greatly bruised and battered, was borne away in triumph from the arena. So ended the combat inside. But on the outside there were as many as a hundred fights going on to decide which beat. For a month afterwards, too, every day some-



body was being battered and bruised, around and about the corners of the streets of Manhattan, to decide, if possible, who was the victor in this fight.— Now when Frank told his wife and Annie of all they had witnessed, Gertrude asked what such gladiatorial exhibitions of strength and skill were called. "This is contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints," was the reply of Frank. Let us remind ourselves of what is written, where it is said that "the works of the flesh are manifest, among which are enumerated these: 'hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife,' and of which it is added 'that they which do such things, shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' 'But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.'"

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Many thanks are due to the kind friends who have sent us subscribers and original articles for our pages. Several of these have been received too late for the present number.

Language cannot express our emotions towards those who have so kindly tendered us words of sympathy and consolation in the recent sore trial through

which our Heavenly Father has called us to pass. Precious, very precious, in the dark hour of affliction, is the voice of kindness. We can almost imagine, that we have in every reader of the *Aurora*, a personal friend, so general has been this expression. May God bless them all, and when their day of trial comes, as come it must sooner or later to all, may they never want for friendly hands to pour the soothing balm of consolation into their wounded hearts, and above all, may they never want a sure resting-place for the bruised spirit in the Saviour's bosom.

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It will be recollected that I stated in the February number of the *Aurora*, that the Publisher was gone East for the purpose of procuring the Fashion Plates for the March number, and other articles necessary for fine work. He has not yet returned, but we have just received a letter from him, stating that he found it impossible to get the Plates on so short notice, and that we would be compelled to issue the March number without them, and other illustrations as contemplated. We hope that our fair readers will be patient a little longer.

W. S. PERRY, Agent.



## Book Notices.

NOBLE DEEDS OF AMERICAN WOMEN;  
With Biographical Sketches of some of the  
most prominent. Edited by J. CLEMENT.

That intimate associations with the wise and good, tend to improve and elevate the character, is as true as that the companionship of the vicious tends to degrade it. No truly good person can live without being a blessing to all who are permitted to come within the moral atmosphere which surrounds him. And when, by the pen of the skillful biographer, a faithful delineation of an exalted character is sent forth to the world, thousands who have never seen the subject of the sketch, may derive a benefit nearly equal to that of intimate personal association. Good biography teaches by example as well as precept, and all know how powerful is example to affect the heart, and influence the life. If we look over the literature of past ages, we find the department of Female Biography almost an entire blank. True, the pen of inspiration has given us some graphic sketches of female character. Sarah, Rebecca, Naomi, Ruth, Hannah, Abigail, Dorcas, and many others stand forth upon the pages of Holy writ, adorned with the brightest virtues of their sex. Yet uninspired history gives us scarce a glimpse of the inner life of woman. The name of Xantippe, it is true has found a place there in consequence of her agency

in perfecting the patience of Socrates, and the names of a few others have obtained a passing record; but extended female biography is peculiar to the genius of Christianity; and it is, no doubt, one of the destined instrumentalities for the inauguration of that blessed day when the will of the Lord shall be done on Earth as it is done in Heaven. The Editor of the work referred to, has presented us with portraiture of some hundred and fifty distinguished American females; some of these are brief, containing only a single incident illustrative of character, others more extended. They are all models worthy of imitation—women who distinguished themselves, not by any departure from their appropriate sphere, but by the faithful and successful discharge of their duties *as women*. In the introduction to this work, Mrs. Sigourney remarks, "Woman's patriotism is, to labor in the sanctuary of home, and in every allotted department of education to form and train a race that shall bless their country and serve their God." Such has been the patriotism of American women, and may the day be far distant in which they shall desire to leave their vantage ground, to meet man "on the steep unsheltered heights of ambition, as a competitor or a rival."